Saturday Review

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT

By HERBERT AGAR

JANUARY 17, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

rl Sandburg, author
"Always the
ung Strangers."

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Good News

▶ A campus-wide campaign conducted at the University of Toronto has provided gifts of books and special equipment for three universities in India and Pakistan. The University of Delhi received a considerable quantity of drugs and a mimeograph machine for printing textbooks. The Jamia University got equipment for a health center and forty-three microscopes, and the University of Sindh received engineering instruments and textbooks.

▶ A Philadelphia dentist installed a TV set in his office to take the minds of his patients off their troubles. The set even has a device for turning off commercials.

▶ In a gesture of friendship, schoolchildren throughout Japan have gathered 100,000 cherry-tree seeds to be distributed to American cities which want them. More than fifty cities and towns have asked for seeds to be planted in parks and schoolyards. Another such gift will be made in 1953 as part of the Open Door Festival, celebrating the 100th anniversary of Commodore Perry's visit to Japan.

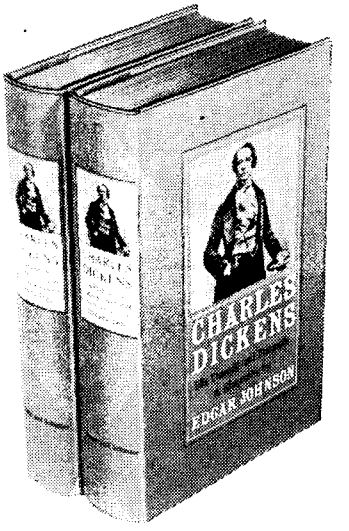
▶ In Malone, N. Y., eight prisoners volunteered to donate a pint of blood each at a Red Cross clinic. When they returned to jail the sheriff cooked steak dinners for the men. The steaks were donated by a market owner who offered a pound of porterhouse to every blood donor in the community.

▶ Youngsters in East Poultney, Vt., invented a new "trick or treat" when ringing doorbells on Halloween. They asked for donations of children's clothing, safety pins, soap, and other articles to be distributed to overseas families by the American Friends Service Committee.

▶ The electro-chemical division of E. I. du Pont de Nemours in Niagara Falls, N. Y., announced it has thrown out its time clocks and substituted "the individual's own conscience." The division's 1,800 employes will now file their own time slips at the end of each week. "It is the substitution of freedom of action and individualism in place of regimentation," the plant manager said.

▶ Belgian authorities have just granted full postal franchise to all Braille publications for the blind circulating within the country or being sent abroad.

A MAJOR LITERARY EVENT



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The Saturday Review

JANUARY 17, 1953

The cover is a photograph of a three-dimensional portrait of Carl Sandburg by Jack Eisner.

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TRADE Winds

NOTED EN ROUTE

THE THREE HOTTEST THINGS that ever came from Kalamazoo were the stove that bore the city's name; Dr. Fred Grabo, the pancake king; and Edna Ferber, who moved away shortly after her birth to Appleton, Wisconsin, and then on to glory—and Texas. . . . Kalamazoo in Indian means "where the water boils in the pot," the legend being that a fleet brave made the trip there and back from a spot miles away before the boiling water in a tiny bowl evaporated. There's a famous mural in the office of Kalamazoo's Fidelity Saving Association depicting this legend.

CHICAGO'S CRITICS' CIRCLE is dominated this year by ladies. Claudia Cassidy's drama reviews in the *Tribune* can make or break a show in that territory, and the *Herald American*'s Janet Kern is equally potent in the radio and TV field. . . . Felix Tomei, the *Trib's* relentless linage hawk, will take time out to become a grandpappy. . . . Emmett Dedmon, of the *Sun-Times,* meanwhile, is slaving to finish his "Fabulous Chicago" in time for fall publication. Already it has all the earmarks of a whopping best seller. . . . High above the traffic on Wacker Drive, Earle Ludgin, one of America's most successful—and unusual—advertising magnates, maintains luxurious offices overflowing with priceless examples of modern art. Some of his pictures were reproduced in color in a recent issue of *Life.* Two of the most striking were painted by Matta, a South American, and a daring young Southerner named Robert Gwathmey. "Be careful," warned Mr. Ludgin, "or you'll start buying the darned things. Look at what happened to me!"

COMMUTERS ON THE LONG ISLAND Railroad will lend a particularly sympathetic ear to a tale unwound by Robert J. Casey in his new book, "Chicago Medium Rare." A trainload of passengers aboard a Northwestern Elevated Express was suddenly stranded at the Addison Street station. Seems the motorman heard a wild burst of cheering from the Cubs' baseball park as he brought his train to a stop and, unable to resist the temptation, unhooked his control, opened the door, and hotfooted it for the bleachers, where he arrived for the climax of a wild seventh-inning rally. The elevated line, meanwhile, was tied up for forty-five minutes while the management sought frantically to dig up a new motorman who cared only for the White Sox. . . . Major-league ball players have been accustomed to waking up any morning to discover they've been traded from one club to another without a by-your-leave, so Billy Herman, at the time a mainstay of the Boston Braves, took it in stride when he suddenly was notified he had been named manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates. According to John Lardner, his only comment was, "This is my great opportunity. But who are they sending to Boston in exchange for me?" "Bob Elliott," said his informant. Herman jumped to his feet in a rage. "Elliott!" he hollered. "Why, they've traded away my whole ball club!"

"Mr. Blakeny, our former treasurer, has agreed to do a novel on prison life . . ."

QUINCY HOWE IS TEACHING journalism at the University of Illinois, the while he toils on a major history project for Simon & Schuster. He also does two newscasts daily from the University's own radio station. . . . The way they pronounce the name of the mighty football and basketball teams in their home town is "Ill-Eye-Nigh," with the accent on the second syllable. . . . Most celebrated wit on the campus is Harry J. Fuller of the botany department, who, stimulated, no doubt, by Champaign cocktails, keeps his students constantly at the Berle-ing point. . . . Prexy George Stoddard, brilliant, affable, and often in the headlines, is one of the names mentioned for a much-coveted post on the Eastern seaboard. Queried on the subject, he volunteered a crisp, "No comment," adding, "And don't quote me, either."

GEORGE S. AMSBARY, sales manager of the U. of I. Press, nominates for pun of the year the quip made by Harvard's Professor Douglas Bush when he heard that T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound had agreed that John Milton's poetry was vastly overrated. "Their criticism," hooted Dr. Bush, "is but a tale told by an Eliot, full of Pound and fury, signifying nothing." Bush is also the man who defined a psychologist as "a person who pulls habits out of rats." . . . . In Robeson's department store in Champaign, Illinois, Doubleday has leased the book department—another of its multitudinous experiments that, under the piloting of Aline Brough, gives every indication of paying off. Mr. F. K. Robeson confided to me that one of his customers from Urbana is so elegant she put on white gloves while reading "Tallulah." . . .

SOME EIGHTY MILES from Urbana as the crow flies, and an hour and a half as a state trooper drives, lies Illinois's capital, Springfield, and there after paying my respects at Lincoln's home and tomb, I had the rare pleasure of a day with Adlai Stevenson. He was preparing to vacate the beautiful Governor's mansion, and his office was piled to the ceiling with letters from admirers (thousands wrote, "I voted for Ike but I thought you were wonderful, too."), books to be autographed—and offers for everything from TV shows to lecture tours, newspaper columns, and magazine

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features. One letter the Governor cherished came from a Princeton classmate who protested, "How could I support you when you sent your sons to Harvard?" . . . . Another prominent resident in Springfield is Benjamin Thomas, whose new book on Lincoln will be an outstanding item on the Knopf backlist for years to come. In the absence of Ben Thomas, it was a police officer who showed me the statue of Lincoln in front of the State Capitol, with a big stone slab behind it so that "Old Abe couldn't see the things that have gone on there since."

ADLAI STEVENSON STILL CHUCKLES over his appearance some fifteen months ago at a huge New York banquet given to honor Jack Benny for twenty years of distinguished service in show business. Benny's home town of Waukegan is close to Stevenson's, and he exacted a promise that the Governor would attend the dinner six months before it took place. When the Governor, virtually unknown at the time in New York, arrived he found himself surrounded—and ignored—by a swirling mass of theatrical brass who were "Darling" and "Well, if it isn't Claudette-ing" all over the ballroom. Finally he discovered his place at the speakers' table, between two fellows named "Fred" and "George"—both of whom were besieged by admirers. "Who is this girl Gracie everybody is talking about?" he inquired. George answered, "Are you kidding? That's my wife, Gracie Allen. I'm George

Burns." "And who is Mary?" persisted Stevenson. "That's only the wife of the guest of honor," Burns assured him. Just then a ravishing brunette arrived in triumph and was hailed as "Rosalind darling" by all and sundry. "One more question," begged the Governor. "Who's Rosalind?" This was too much for George Burns. "Rosalind Russell," he explained, and added, "For God's sake, Governor, where the hell have you been for the past twenty years?"

Fred Allen gravely assured Stevenson that he had no speech prepared, and wasn't even sure he would be called upon. Of course, he was only the smash hit of the occasion, leaving two thousand guests roaring with laughter as he sat down. "You should have seen the script he whipped out from under the menu when he arose," recalls Stevenson. "It was typed in two colors with the sock lines printed in capitals. Unprepared, he said! And then, suddenly, I heard myself being introduced."

Governor Stevenson spoke only for a moment. First, he explained why he had been asked, then remarked quietly, "I'm glad you liked Mr. Allen's speech, because he grabbed it from my plate just as he was called upon—and, since he delivered the words I had written, I have nothing further to say." The crowd loved it, and for the first time some very prominent New Yorkers began asking, "Who *is* this fellow Adlai Stevenson?"

They're not likely ever to have to ask it again!

—BENNETT CERF.

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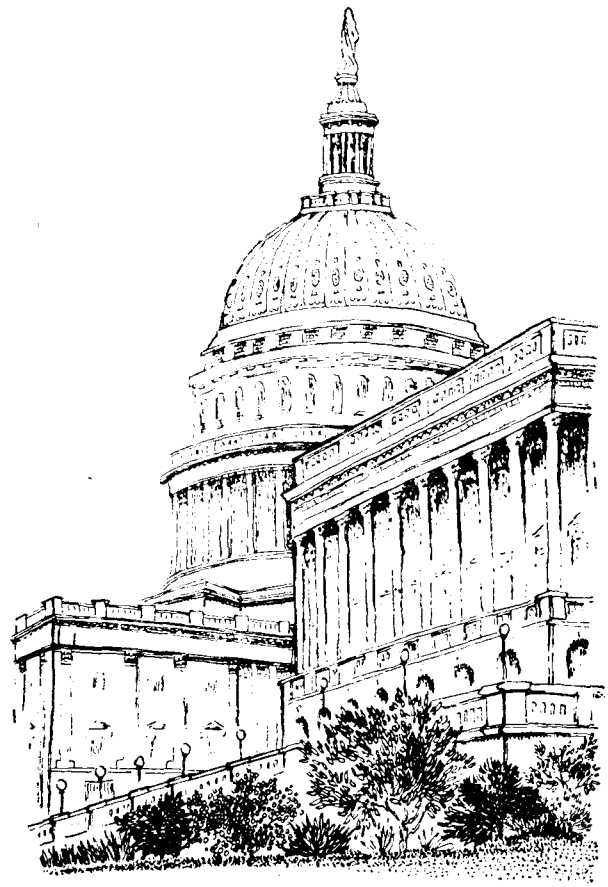
The Saturday Review

JANUARY 17, 1953

A Prayer for the New President



HERBERT AGAR

Herbert Agar

IN ONE of his speeches during the late campaign Governor Stevenson said that he wished to talk "to the great confident majority of Americans—the generous and the unfrightened, those who are proud of our strength and sure of our goodness and who want to work with each other in trust, to advance the honor of our country."

Our new President, as he has often proved, belongs to this "great confident majority." We believe that he is incapable of being niggling or afraid. Indeed, he has lived so long in close company with danger that he is more likely to be surprised at its absence than alarmed by its presence.

He is humble, as all good men are humble. He should possess, therefore, "the necessary patience to wait out the long run of history."

And he is chivalrous. If it had been his fate to receive the surrender at Breda he would have behaved like the Genoese general whom Velasquez immortalized. If it had been his fate to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia he would have behaved like Grant.

Anyone who had the privilege of watching General Eisenhower at work at SHAEF, before the Normandy landings, will know that these statements are true. But can *President* Eisenhower impose his inborn magnanimity nation-wide, so that it becomes part of our character? We must pray that he can.

We Americans have not recently distinguished ourselves in chivalry, patience, humility, absence of fear. On the contrary, we have permitted the suspicions and the rancor of the loyalty purges, the hounding of ideas. And we have indulged a petulant nationalism which has all but forfeited our stock of good will abroad. Bold and helpful with one hand, we have half sullied our generosity by a trivial (not a malignant) meanness with the other. We have also failed to give sufficient honor to the friends whom we have been privileged to help. At times we have seemed to treat them like clients—the least chivalrous, the least magnanimous act.

On Monday we talk grandly about the unity of the West, about saving the civilization to which we belong. On Tuesday we pass a McCarran Act, which is a sign of shuddering fear lest we be contaminated by the civilization to which we belong. On Wednesday we appropriate further billions so that our allies may grow strong. And on Thursday we demand higher tariffs so that our allies may grow weak. This is not foreign policy: it is schizophrenia.

AND worst of all, we commit our follies in such a hurry, and at times with such attendant discourtesy, that we suggest to a worried world that we must be scared or hysterical. The suggestion is unjust; but it arises from our own acts and it does us damage. Who wants a frightened ally?

As an example of unseemly hurry, we have a law which excludes from the United States (even on a visit) "any alien who is a member of, or affiliated with, any organization that displays any printed matter advocating the overthrow by force of the United States Government, the unlawful damage to property, etc. . . ." This lunatic clause, if taken seriously, would of course ban any official of the British Museum, or of any other great library in the world, public or private. Or what does the word "display" mean? It might ban any member of a university and any subscriber to a public library. It certainly suggests to our friends that we were in a stam-

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Herbert Agar is author of the Pulitzer prize-winning "The People's Choice," a history of the American Presidency. His most recent book is "The Price of Union."

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pede when we accepted such nonsense.

As as an example of discourtesy, let us picture a famous European man of science, or of letters, who has been invited to a conference in the United States by his American colleagues. He goes to our embassy in his own country to seek a visa. He is given forms to fill which are an insult and an absurdity: an insult because they seem to presuppose that he is a potential enemy who has to prove his innocence; an absurdity because he is asked to testify, on the spot, to exactly what he thought, or wrote, or believed, forty years ago. He is then interviewed by a harassed consular official, again on the assumption that a distinguished foreigner (honored, requested, and awaited by his American confrères) is probably a fraud, and that he must somehow reassure us that he has not been lying. Finally his papers go forward to Washington. There, in a land of abused and overworked bureaucrats, the dreary forms and the timid reports are

> upwhirled aloft
> Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
> Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
> The Paradise of Fools.

Emerging at last from this Miltonic chaos, the papers return to their point of origin. And the great man receives his visa several months after the conference to which he was invited has come to an end.

Is this the way we want our America to behave? Would any American accept politely such treatment from a foreign government? And in any case, what are we scared about? So long as we exclude our casual visitors from places of secrecy like Los Alamos, what do we care whether they have always admired us? If they were allowed to see us here at home—friendly, decent, wanting no harm—might we not hope to convert them? Or can we improve their opinion of us by insulting them?

It is worth laboring this point, because we must pray that President Eisenhower will take up the task of liberating us from these un-American jitters. No great constructive program, no victory over false ideas has ever been built upon fear. And, furthermore, most of the American people are not in the least afraid. But we have certainly been made to look so by a few timorous men in Congress and in the press.

Last summer at the conventions we chose two great Americans as candidates for the Presidency. We must now ask the victor in the elections to treat us as if we, too, were great. We have a right to ask, because we the people have risen repeatedly to such leadership. With rare exceptions we have not been conceited and sanctimonious in victory, or hysterical and suspicious when under pressure. (And on those rare occasions we received no high lead from the President.)

"I SAY these things to you not only because I believe them to be true, but also because, as you love your country, I love my country, and I would see it endure and grow in light and become a living testament to all mankind of goodness and of mercy and of wisdom. . . . Who leads us is less important than what leads us."

Again the words are Adlai Stevenson's; but the sentiments are Dwight Eisenhower's as well. Eisenhower will never become inflated and put the "who" before the "what." And he will never forget the authentic American "what," for it is built into his heart and brain. But how will he fare, with his good sense and good humor, his ability to make men work together faithfully in the rigorous profession of arms, but also his innocence of all the tricks and mantraps in the rigorous profession of politics? How will he fare when he attempts to help us to become "a living testament of goodness and of mercy and of wisdom"?

We can be certain that he will try, and we must pray that he will succeed. A self-distrustful America, sometimes arrogant to her friends and sometimes regretful of her power, must fail in her historic mission and must earn dishonor.

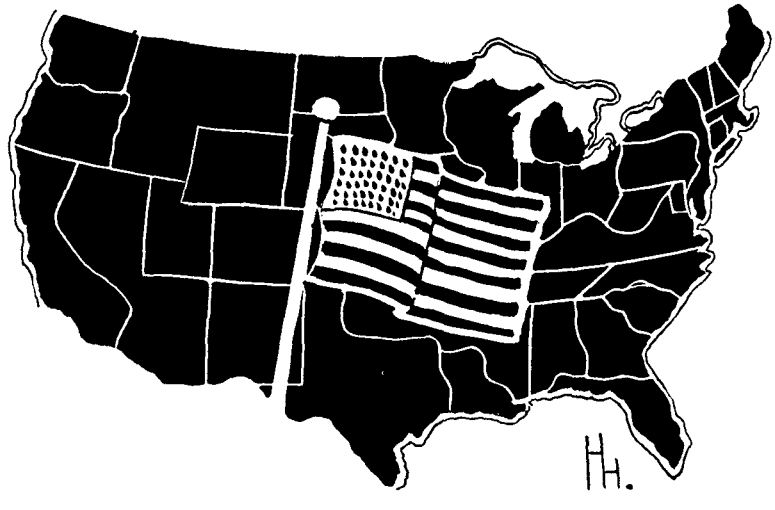
Eisenhower has no part in such a second-class America. But has he the strength to silence its unworthy spokesmen and to perform the task for which he was chosen: the rebuilding of our national unity in terms of our true greatness? So far as we can measure the political position he inherits (the forces which he can use, or which will otherwise use him) we believe that he has this strength—if he can change professions fast enough. He once described politics as "a serious, complicated, and, in its true sense, noble" profession. If he remembers all three, he should succeed.

He will find a Senate in which a majority of the Republicans are by instinct more loyal to Senator Taft than to himself. He will find a House of Representatives in which the same is true. He will find that a majority of the committee-chairmanships in both Houses will go to men who would have preferred Taft for President. And above all, he will find the senior Senator from Ohio an uncommonly stubborn man—wise enough to bend just at the moment when he would otherwise be broken, intelligent enough to learn whatever in past or present supports his own convictions, but the least likely of all politicians to give way while he still wields a single dangerous weapon. And the least likely to accept with kindness the ancient decoration of the double cross.

Unhappily, Taft has at least two hand-grenades in his pocket, in the persons of Messrs. Jenner and McCarthy. Those wounding though obsolescent Senators might have been withdrawn from circulation except for Mr. Eisenhower's innocence early in the campaign. Someone (presumably not his best friend) persuaded Eisenhower that a Republican President needs a Republican "team" in the Senate—else how can he make policy? The truth is, of course, that good Presidents make policy with the help of a coalition of good Senators, irrespective of party. In a sense, great policy makes itself, or destiny makes it. A good President knows what needs to be done, and he is supported by such Senators as can tell the difference between the stern voice of history and the complaints of a county chairman.

Mr. Eisenhower may yet be sorry that he insisted on helping these two explosive men to join his "team." And

(*Continued on page* 39)



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Education of an American Poet

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Earnest Elmo Calkins grew up in Galesburg, Illinois, ten years before Carl Sandburg's time. His book, "They Broke the Prairie," chronicles the history of those days.

WHEN wreckers were about to tear down the little house in Galesburg, Illinois, where Carl Sandburg was born, public-spirited citizens bought it to preserve as an historical landmark. Plans for landscaping the yard called for the elimination of the privy in the back yard to make way for a garden. But when Adda George, prime mover in the enterprise, sent the plans to him, Carl, who had kept aloof from this movement to canonize him while he was still living, made a protest. That little building was as authentic a landmark as the house; there was one in every backyard when he was a boy. So the good ladies spared it and planted a climbing rose to cover it.

That is the spirit in which Carl Sandburg has written the first chapter of his life in his new book, "Always the Young Strangers"* (though this incident does not appear in it). In other respects, the book blinks nothing. Everything that contributed to the shaping of his life and mind is set down with an engaging frankness, a boy's honesty, what he did, what he saw, what he learned, and what he thought about it. A more pretentious writer might have titled the book "The Education of Carl Sandburg," for that is what it is—and what an education! Five years in public schools, nine years in an incredible number of jobs, incredible by their remoteness from what he ultimately became, but he learned from every new experience. He approached life with a lively curiosity, an unerring ear for the spoken phrase, a cameralike eye, and a retentive memory. The pictures of people, his family, his playmates, his teachers, the local celebrities, are unforgettable profiles—from School Superintendent Steele with his dark-red "lilacs" and the latent sadism with which he applied a brass-edged ruler to an errant schoolboy's hand, to the local political magnate, Clark E. Carr, "the most roly-poly fat man in town," who was our minister to Denmark and liked to be addressed by his purely honorary title of "Colonel."

Carl's folks belonged to that Swedish element which is so large an ethnic unit of the town and adds so greatly to its moral fiber. His father was a "black Swede" (dark-haired), naturalized citizen, patriotic, loyal Republican, and a conscientious member of the Swedish Lutheran Holy Evangelical Church, as was also his mother, a lovely person. August Sandburg worked in the CB & Q machine shops, a six-day week of ten hours each, and never got more than thirty-five dollars a month. Carl writes of his parents at length, unsentimentally but with great affection. They were not a demonstrative family; Mother seldom kissed her children, but there was a warm family life among seven children, the circle broken when diphtheria carried off the two youngest the same day. For some years the home language was largely Swedish, but the children gradually brought the new tongue into the home, and we have a close-up of the Americanization of an immigrant's family.

Carl's father called him "Sholly," Swedish for Charlie. He did not grow up in the house now sanctified in Galesburg but in a larger one in the same neighborhood. His companions all come alive in his detailed descriptions and reports of boy talk. His gang was "The Dirty Dozen"; his passion was baseball, but numerous home chores conflicted and soon he was working in spare time delivering newspapers. School was a great adventure and his teachers are added to the gallery of revealing portraits. They would have been startled to know how keenly one small boy was analyzing them. But he is humbly grateful for what they taught him, unlocking the mystery of books. His reading was as indiscriminate as most boys', a mixture of "Cyclopedia of World History" and "The Boys of '76." At eleven he quit school and went to work.

Instead of part-time jobs there was now full-time employment with pay days, the earnings helping to eke out

*ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 436 pp. $5.

BEHIND THE BOOK: Carl Sandburg, way back in the 1910's, immortalized Chicago in a tattoo of metaphors, and Chicago ever since has been inextricably linked with Sandburg. To Chicago—"Hog Butcher for the World, City of the Big Shoulders"—Sandburg returned on January 5, a day before "Carl Sandburg Day" in Illinois was proclaimed by Gov. Adlai Stevenson. The night of the sixth, Sandburg, folksy, friendly, his dead-white hair pinpointing attention, entered the Crystal Room of the Blackstone Hotel in the Loop to attend a party in honor of his birthday—the seventy-fifth. Five hundred and fifty persons at ten dollars apiece—a capacity crowd; another 1,000 had been turned away—were on hand to help Sandburg celebrate that day back in 1878 when a woman in Galesburg told his mother, *"Det är en pojke"*—Swedish for "It's a boy." A number of persons mounted the rostrum; one after the other they said a lot of warm, good things about Carl Sandburg, poet, troubador, newspaperman, Lincoln biographer, Pulitzer Prize winner, and, as one of his friends recently put it, "supreme specimen of strong-limbed, clear-eyed, and sharp-speaking Americanism." In the crowd, if everyone who accepted was able to make it, were Governor Stevenson, Allan Nevins, J. G. Randall, Benjamin P. Thomas, Ralph Newman, and Erik Boheman, Swedish Ambassador to the U. S., the last scheduled to promote Sandburg from a knighthood to a commandership in the Royal Order of the North Star. (That's about just as high as you can go in Swedish honors.) Sandburg himself was pretty much the way he was at his seventieth birthday party—like the seventy-fifth, tendered by his close friends. "He got up at the head table and surveyed the gathering," a man at that party wrote. "His eyes took in all who were there; he missed nothing. Many memories rushed to his mind; fewer to his tongue. His words were carefully chosen. They had the quality of his best poetry. He created images. One watched, one listened. One could not help looking forward to the next milestone of his life, his seventy-fifth birthday." It was the same a week ago Tuesday; Sandburg's friends left the Blackstone looking to the next milestone—birthday eighty. —BERNARD KALB.

—William A. Smith.

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> **"Carl Sandburg** is the one living man whose work and whose life epitomize the American dream. He has the earthiness of the prairies, the majesty of mountains, the anger of deep inland seas. In him is the restlessness of the seeker, the questioner, the explorer of far horizons, the hunger that is never satisfied. In him also is the tough strength that has never been fully measured, never unleashed, the resiliency of youthfulness which wells from within, and which no aging can destroy."
>
> —Adlai E. Stevenson.

the family budget, and further he was seeking some gainful occupation as a lifetime work. In the next nine years he shined boots and brushed customers of the Union Hotel barbershop, carried a milk route, clerked in a real estate office and in a drugstore, worked as a section hand on the railroad, rented boats at an amusement park and cut its ice in winter, tried tinsmithing and after that plumbing, was one of "Husky" Johnson's crew of stage hands at the Auditorium where he had the benefit of an unusual theatrical program, for Galesburg was then the best one-night stand in the Midwest. Having found nothing that looked like a future, he decided to see something of his country and became a hobo, "riding the rods" as far as Denver, fraternizing with tramps along the way, examining another phase of American life. He came home to join the local militia company in time to set out with it under General Miles to free Cuba from the grasp of Spain. He spent five dirty, laborious months on Puerto Rico, making forced marches, fighting vermin and malaria, eating "embalmed beef," and came home at the end of the war without having seen combat. With his army pay he entered Lombard University, in the shadow of which he had grown up. It was a Universalist college, and his father and mother were doubtful of any one who did not believe in hell. What he learned there we shall, I hope, be told later, for here the book ends. Carl was now twenty years old.

In all this there was no consciousness, no premonition of what was to be his life work, nothing of the budding author. He was a voracious reader of biography, curious about the lives of all the various people he met. The poetic touch creeps into some of his factual description. His love of music was early evident. He tried to make a guitar and, when that did not work, he bought a second-hand one from the local pawnbroker for two dollars. His taste was not classical; he loved the homely folksy airs and tunes, and to this day he is probably happier in his minstrel role singing to the chords of his "git-tar" than in any of the distinguished parts he has played.

Carl got his first lesson in politics watching a torchlight procession during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign when his father explained the difference between Republicans and Democrats. His interest in social justice began with the trial of the Chicago anarchists and Governor Altgeld's memorable words. He read "Coin" Harvey and listened to William Jennings Bryan and was not so sure his father was right about Republicans. As he crossed the Knox College campus every morning on his way to his milk route, he read the plaque on the east end of Old Main commemorating the Lincoln-Douglas debate and remembered that his father and mother had been among those present October 7, 1858, and what they told him about it.

He learned both good and evil from his human contacts, but his stern religious upbringing held him singularly free from the worser aspects of human life, though he writes about them with the same dispassionate frankness with which he presents all that he met. Neither drink nor women seems to have appealed to him. The few touches of romance are strangely faint and evanescent. Throughout this long book it is the mind and eye of a boy becoming acquainted with life. Its last words are: "If it can be done it is not a bad practice for a man of many years to die with a boy heart."

This is authentic Americana, as faithful a picture of a small town in the Middle West sixty years ago as a Currier & Ives lithograph, a chapter in the history of this country. Countless boys were living in other towns just such lives as Carl describes with such affectionate detail. What makes this narrative outstanding is the use which he later made of his variegated and apparently haphazard education.

Pundits of Prose

THE LITTLE REVIEW ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Margaret Anderson. New York: Hermitage House. 384 pp. $3.95.

By Milton Crane

THE history of a literary review as influential as *The Little Review* constitutes a uniquely valuable source of information for the cultural history of an epoch. In its generous and occasionally excessive sponsorship of a new artist or movement, *The Little Review* became the type of "the little magazine" in the second and third decades of this century: it serialized "Ulysses" for three years until stopped by Mr. Sumner and his Society; it published Ezra Pound over the protests of many readers, and periodically rebuked those readers for protesting. It took a strong line on many issues, and, on the whole, its solid achievement largely justifies its belligerence and extravagance.

Margaret Anderson, who came from Indianapolis to Chicago to launch *The Little Review* in 1914, has collected a highly individual editor's choice in her anthology. Most of her contributors are prominent literary figures: Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, Wyndham Lewis, Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, Ben Hecht, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, William Butler Yeats, Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Djuna Barnes, Ernest Hemingway; others, such as the extraordinary Countess Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, are decidedly obscure but appear to have left vivid impressions on other writers, if Dr. Williams's reminiscences of the Countess in his "Autobiography" are typical.

In a sense, the case of the Countess and *The Little Review* may help to define the character of this book. The Countess is represented here by three poems, "Mefk Maru Mustir Daas," "Poem," and "Affectionate," all of which are original to the point of derangement. The objections of readers led Miss Anderson to print an exchange of notes between Evelyn Scott and Jane Heap (Miss Anderson's associate editor), entitled "The Art of Madness." Miss Heap argued passionately for the poet's right to make art out of madness; Miss Scott doubted,

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Milton Crane, on leave of absence from the English department of the University of Chicago, has edited anthologies of short stories and essays.

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reasonably enough, that anyone, even the Countess, could exercise sufficient control "to condition the disorder she has evoked." The Countess agreed enthusiastically with Miss Heap: Miss Scott again demurred, and was told sharply that she had "the gentle mystic soul of an adding-machine."

There would be little point in recalling these forgotten and largely meaningless controversies if they did not, in this book, tend to overshadow the more substantial artistic work of the war years and the Twenties that found its way into *The Little Review*. It is in the numerous articles, comments, and blasts of Miss Heap, in whom Miss Anderson discerned a "special illumination," and in some of the contributions of Ezra Pound that we are encouraged to view the artist or work of art as battlefield. For this reason, one suspects, *The Little Review* often published decidedly inferior works ("bad writing" is Miss Anderson's term), whether by the obscure or the well-known: Wyndham Lewis's "Imaginary Letters" is one example that appears in the "Anthology."

The Little Review fought for the freedom of art wherever it saw that freedom threatened, but it reserved the right to fight on its own terms and to choose its allies by the most rigorous standards. Witness, for example, the redoubtable Miss Heap's attack on "Mr. Mencken, Philistine" and Miss Anderson's sour note on Marianne Moore—"INTELLECTUAL POETRY IS NOT POETRY"—which makes one wonder why Miss Moore was included in the book at all (though who with better right?). And the editors were equally impatient with those who criticized—or seemed to criticize—their darlings. Thus, all we are permitted to read of a symposium on Joyce's play "Exiles" consists of fragments of contributions by three commentators.

The excellence of a literary review depends ultimately on the quality of the writing it prints rather than on the critical positions it avowedly adopts. On the first score, *The Little Review's* achievement is secure; on the second, one can only say that the record, as revealed in this book, bespeaks more confusion than anything else. *The Little Review* found its way from the "bad writing" of its first period to the better writing of its second and to what Miss Anderson calls "the dead-end of intellectual obscurantism" of its third; but when it attempted to express in Miss Heap's overheated prose its conception of the critical and philosophical principles on which it was operating, it took on a dismaying resemblance to Hermione and her Little Group of Serious Thinkers.

Bravo for Broadway

PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK. By John Van Druten. New York: Harper & Bros. 210 pp. $3.

By Harold Clurman

JOHN VAN DRUTEN is a knowledgeable theatre craftsman. He is important to the theatre because he has written flops as well as hits. In this little manual on the technique of playwriting he points out that no man should be considered a fully developed playwright who has not written at least ten plays. I heartily concur. What counts in a playwright is the continuity of his effort. The theatre does not live on "masterpieces"; it lives on work or product.

Mr. Van Druten's product is generally stage-wise in workmanship and genuine in purpose. His approach to plays (and the tone of the present volume) is personal and congenial. "Playwright at Work," therefore, is

worth reading. The faults I find in it derive in part from its author's virtues.

There is something gingerly and apologetic in Mr. Van Druten's treatment of his subject, first, because he is inclined to make many of his points on the basis of his own plays, and being a modest man, he shies from being emphatic about any of them. Then he is a victim of the dubious aphorism that he who can does and he who cannot teaches. There have been great teachers in all the arts who were not notable practitioners, just as there have been many very fine artists whose instruction was not only not worth having, but sometimes positively misleading. The creative and pedagogic skills are not identical, and it is certainly no disparagement of Mr. Van Druten to say that he is a better playwright than a teacher.

"Playwright at Work" has more than a few useful things to tell us about the dramatist's job, and, as I have indicated, the author is always engaging and commonsensical in saying them. He is shrewdly practical, for example, when he advises the novice playwright not to write important parts which are too unusual to be cast. (O'Neill's "A Moon for the Misbegotten" calls for a passionate young woman of inordinate height and weight!) But Mr. Van Druten is not an analytic thinker or a critic, and a first-class teacher must have something of this in him. Thus Mr. Van Druten, with a characteristic fear of being dogmatic, constantly suggests that there are no laws of dramaturgy.

It is precisely the task of a manual like "Playwright at Work" to discover or at least to enunciate certain principles. There may be no rules for the dramatist, but there are laws—laws which are rediscovered and reinterpreted by every generation. Both things are part of one truth: there is nothing new under the theatrical sun and there is also constant renewal. What Aristotle taught (about playwriting) is not outdated: it must be forever renewed in a fresh light and in an altered perspective.

"Speech is the essence of drama," Mr. Van Druten says, which sounds positive enough. But further on, he adds: "The theatre is no place for fine writing," which constitutes a basic contradiction of the first statement—unless the two statements are coordinated through a general law, the kind of law Mr. Van Druten tries so hard to eschew.

The essence of the drama is not speech but action: that is why "the theatre is no place for fine writing as such." Speech in the theatre is an attribute of action: Shakespeare's fine writing and beautiful speech arise from the action of the plays. Chekhov's plays have action, too, as does one of Mr. Van Druten's (and my) favorite plays, "The Member of the Wedding." Only the action in these plays is differently conceived and articulated from that in the more traditional drama.

Mr. Van Druten's instincts are sound, and he knows these things as well as anybody; but he wrote his little book at his ease, on a level of autobiographical reminiscences, familiar conversation, and friendly counsel.

Harold Clurman, one of the founders of the Group Theatre, has directed many Broadway productions, including "Awake and Sing" and "Golden Boy." His latest effort is "The Time of the Cuckoo."

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Wretched Comrade

MADELEINE. (ET NUNC MANET IN TE). By André Gide. Translated, with an introduction and notes, by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 98 pp. $3.

By Van Meter Ames

HERE is a fine translation of the pages that Gide wrote about his wife soon after her death, with the passages concerning her which had been suppressed in the publication of his "Journals." The drama of their marriage, only hinted there, is here painfully clear. It is almost unbelievable that so much misunderstanding tortured two such intelligent people who loved each other. The tragedy was deepened by eventual realization on his part, and apparently on hers, that it was needless. A letter appended by the translator suggests that Gide's way of avoiding it would have been not to have married. Perhaps because it was the only excuse that would soften his self-accusation; he persisted in believing his homosexuality to have been innate, not something that could have been helped.

Yet one must wonder whether his marriage might not have been more normal—it was never consummated—if his bride-to-be had not put it off until after his discovery of the Arab boys. Then he might not have become convinced of his peculiarity, with the absurd separation of love and pleasure. It did not occur to him until too late that he was cheating her in treating her as a disembodied spirit who would not want to have children. He explains that he assumed all good women to be as puritanical as his mother and aunts were or as they seemed to him as a child.

Husband and wife were locked in elaborate refusal to discuss their relationship, which came to a head when she burned what he felt was the best of him, in thirty years of his letters to her. He knew she knew how this would crush him. "If this loss were even due to some accident, invasion, fire. . . . But that *she* should have done that!" He knew how she had suffered when he had left her for one more trip with another companion. "But did she have to take revenge on the past?" One could scarcely blame her for revenge. But was it that? She said she had reread all the letters before destroying them, and added: "They were my most precious belonging."

Mme. Gide in 1897—"burned the best."

Gide felt that she would have done it apart from any grievance, out of modesty, to escape notice. Brooding over it further, after she was gone, he believed she would have been happy to appear with him if she had not deeply disapproved his conduct and thought. She could not appreciate his significant rethinking of religion, in the direction of scientific humanism, and clung to orthodox Protestantism, with even a late leaning to Catholicism that distressed him.

But readers who would not have identified him with the cruel young husband in "The Immoralist" will flinch at the account Gide gives now of his honeymoon behavior. Looking at his silent wife in the first picture ever published of her, the frontispiece, they will feel for her. She wanted to withdraw, "and now she remains." Her name, a secret before this book, is blazoned in the title of the translation. He suffered, too. But he had his pleasure, his work, and his reward. Her life was ruined. He says, "I suddenly became conscious of the anguish in which my personal happiness kept her." He also says that their relationship, with all its conflict, made his achievement possible: "It seems to me that without her I should never have been *anything*. Each of my thoughts sprang into being in relation to her."

Van Meter Ames, professor of philosophy at the University of Cincinnati, is the author of "André Gide," a critical study of the French author.

Yes & No

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PAUL CLAUDEL AND ANDRE GIDE. Introduction and notes by Robert Mallet. Translated by John Russell. New York: Pantheon Books. 299 pp. $4.

By Wallace Fowlie

CATHOLICISM in France has always defined itself in the work of those who oppose it, and who, by opposing it, according to those within the Church, testify to a nostalgia for the Christian life. In the study of each of the major writers, and irrespective of whether he has religious affiliation or not, French criticism emphasizes first the religious problem. Critics today are still exploring and studying the religious attitudes and convictions of Rabelais and Montaigne in the sixteenth century, of Pascal and Descartes in the seventeenth century, of Voltaire and Rousseau in the eighteenth, of Chateaubriand and Renan in the nineteenth. Important books will be written, when there is more time for perspective, on the religious ideas of Péguy and Gide and Claudel in our own century.

The publication, in 1949, of the correspondence of Gide and Claudel, was an event of capital importance. The translation which has just been issued by Pantheon is a faithful performance which conveys much of the original tone and vigor. Since the French publication Gide has died. Claudel is still living, at the age of eighty-four. This exchange of letters belongs primarily to the realm of apologetics and criticism. Other exchanges of letters in this century have reflected perhaps more succinctly than most literary forms the spiritual problems of the age: the correspondence between Jacques Rivière and Alain-Fournier, between Rivière and Claudel, between Gide and Francis Jammes.

The letters of Gide and Claudel form the most recent dialogue between two opposing voices, a form which is distinctly favored in France. Du Bos once called the great French dialogue that between Montaigne and Pascal, the skeptic and the believer, a dialogue which he says each Frenchman maintains in himself. Such a dialogue as that between Montaigne and Pascal, or between Bossuet and Fénelon, or between Gide and

(*Continued on page 37*)

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Fact, Fiction, or Fantasy

EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

A GLANCE at the lists of best-selling fiction for the past few decades would give anyone who has wandered in from a neighboring planet the distinct impression that the American reading public is extraordinarily interested in history. In the year just past there was not a single week in which two or more "historical" novels did not sit high on the best-seller lists. In some weeks there were as many as five among the top ten best sellers. These included Frank Yerby's opus on the Crusades, "The Saracen Blade," and a number about the French Revolution called "Caroline Cherie," by Cecil Saint Laurent. The amorous adventures of the Amber who went on forever have reached their millions of avid readers. Millions know what happened to "Kitty," "Dutchess Hotspur," and "Jane Hadden" as set down in the fervid prose of Rosamond Marshall, and to the numerous heroes and heroines of the aforementioned Mr. Yerby. Hundreds of thousands have jumped from bed to bed with the heroines of lesser works by lesser masters.

In the course of my professional duties I have had the opportunity to read most of these works. They are most often laid in Biblical times or during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries when wars and revolutions were frequent, which provides material for much action and incident. But they are not truly "historical" novels. Because the costumes of the characters are usually colorful, Donald Gordon has created a term for them—presumably in desperation—"costume" novels. Because the costumes of the feminine characters are usually low-cut, others have called them "breast sellers."

I do not mean to say that some real historical novels are not being published, seriously intended serious studies in fictional form of a past time and place designed to enlarge our understanding as well as to entertain us. (The works of A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Edith Simon, and Hope Muntz are some that come readily to mind.) Nor do I mean to say that the writers of the costume romances don't frequently put in a lot of historical detail—not always accurately but usually conscientiously. I merely say that their purpose is not to illumine history.

A charitable man might say that their purpose is a simple one: to tell a story. But I'm afraid not. The story has been told, again and again and again. Practically every costume romance is a variant on the same theme. If the protagonist is a woman—pardon me, in the costume novel she is always a "girl"—she goes onward and upward, propelled by the arts of love and surpassing beauty. Or she may go downward only to be spiritually redeemed in the end. In either case she maintains her virtue, if not her virginity, under the most trying and improbable circumstances. She also is usually a "power behind the throne." If the protagonist is a man—as is usually the case in the novels of Mr. Yerby—he is of such magnetism that women drop into his bed on sight of him, either because they love him or more frequently because they hate him. And he wins success and true love by conquering over insuperable odds. Surely you've heard that story more than once.

If storytelling is not the function, or history, what then? If neither fact nor fiction, what? What are these writers writing? For what are millions of readers plunking down their three bucks purchase price, or their twenty-five cent circulating library fee? The answer, I think, is fantasy. The costume novel is designed to answer the wish-fulfillment dreams of an American housewife—most of the books are directed to and presumably read by women—whose routine of living cannot meet her need for romance and achievement and whose sex fantasies can find harmless outlet in the erotic adventures of Bathsheba, the Empress of Byzantium, or the mistress of Kublai Khan. This is perhaps the feminine counterpart of the fanstasy fulfillment supplied men by Mickey Spillane's sadism, though it would seem to serve somewhat less destructive needs.

Three of the first novels of 1953 illustrate some aspects of this proposition. They also indicate that 1953 is likely to resemble 1952 and the years preceding in this field of literary activity. The first, "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko,* comes from Europe and is, the publishers inform us, already Number One Best Seller in three European languages. It seems

*DESIREE. By Annemarie Selinko. New York: William Morrow Co. 594 pp. $4.50.

—Rigmor Delphin

Annemarie Selinko—"cozy touches."

F. G. Slaughter—"nice combination."

—Alfredo Valenti

Rosamond Marshall—"like past ones."

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destined to a like reception here, aided by Literary Guild distribution. The second is by Rosamond Marshall and is titled provocatively "The General's Wench."* It is the reliable Miss Marshall's third opus within the past twelve months. Frank G. Slaughter's "The Galileans,"** a story of Mary Magdalene reviewed in these pages last week, is a nice combination designed to satisfy sex and religious drives at the same time.

"Désirée" recounts the story of Désirée Clary, a commoner of France who was loved and jilted by the rising Napoleon, went on to marry Marshal Bernadotte, for a time minister of war in the French Republic, and later became Queen of Sweden and Norway. It is based, somewhat roughly, on fact, and is long, slow moving though packed with incident, artless appearing and full of craft. The artless appearance is gained by having the story told in the form of Désirée's diary. The craft lies in the way Miss Selinko has combined a tale of high court doings, pomp, and circumstance, with opportunities for the entrapped housewife to identify with the heroine. First, though innumerable men fall for Désirée, she is not too beautiful. Second, though she moves in the highest circles—meeting not only Napoleon, Josephine, and Bernadotte, but also Beethoven, the Russian Czar, and innumerable others—she remains a simple girl. Among the cozy touches Miss Selinko supplies is the information on a number of occasions that Désirée's feet hurt her. Another device, which she uses too frequently, is to have Désirée tell her sister, at moments of high tension, that her crown is on crooked. You see, she's just like one of us, even if she did have the love of Napoleon, negotiate his surrender, win the plaudits of Lafayette and the whole of France, and get to be a queen though born a commoner. It could happen to anyone.

As for the writing, it is technically awkward and the author (or her unnamed translator) has a lot of trouble with her tenses. But she flashes the reader through her dream world and shakes up all the familiar ingredients so thoroughly that most readers won't be too much bothered. I don't think they'll be hurt either except as people can be hurt by soporifics.

Miss Marshall's case is somewhat different. "The General's Wench" is plain pandering to the sex fantasies of its readers. As such, it may unfortunately provide ammunition to the gentlemen of Congress who would foist censorship upon book publishing. The story of Sabrina is nonsense as far as plot is concerned, atrociously written in the style of the confession

magazines, and held together only by its concern with sex. It begins with Sabrina voyeuristically spying upon a handsome general making love with a professional prostitute. It follows this up with a scene where Sabrina—now unhappily married to an aged lecher while loving the general—finds him impotent. From there it goes on to sadism on her husband's part, murder, some love dalliance with the general, a few scenes of flagellation, more love dalliance. Along the way there are glimpses into Sabrina's diary where she sets down her erotic imaginings, a few hints of necrophilia and quite a good deal of slyness. In all, Miss Marshall's performance is like all her past ones. I don't think that will interfere with her sales. The readers who buy her book know what they are getting. I suspect the readers who will buy "Désirée" and "The Galileans" also know what they are after. The difference is merely in the emphasis each author gives to the sex or the power fantasies of the reader.

*THE GENERAL'S WENCH. By Rosamond Marshall. New York: Prentice-Hall. 244 pp. $3.50.

**THE GALILEANS. By Frank Slaughter. New York: Doubleday & Co. 307 pp. $3.50.

The Quick Moment

LOVE FOR LYDIA. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 344 pp. $3.50.

By Constance Morgan

IN one sense the title of H. E. Bates's latest work is unusually explicit. This is neither one of his devoted studies of the British countryside nor a story of the war such as "Fair Stood the Wind for France." If this novel is stripped to the bones of its plot, it is simply an account of what love for a young girl named Lydia did to the girl herself and to the four young men who adored her.

One of the young men, Richardson, is the storyteller. Looking through his eyes we see Lydia, seated between her two elderly aunts in the family Daimler, driving for the first time through the gray streets of Evensford, (Northants?) England. With Richardson's rapidly involved emotions we follow her career as the young Miss Aspen of the great house. In Evensford the great house is not "on the hill" but stands like a legendary castle in its own circle of land right in the center of an unromantic, bustling (and in 1929, prosperous) boot-factory town. Lydia enters it as an adolescent whose painful awkwardness belies her actual age, nineteen, and covers a highly developed appetite for life, including sex. Physically she develops quickly into a charmer. It takes her longer to find a love which will fill the abyss left by a prison-like childhood and match her own capacity. In her pursuit she leaves behind her quite a wide track of devastation.

Like the title, this is a literal but deceptive description of Mr. Bates's novel. It leaves out the best of it. Lydia is less sensational than she sounds and at the moment of her development upon which Mr. Bates focuses, she is more a symbol of burgeoning life than a character. She is the object of Richardson's and his friends' love; she is the pivot on which are hung the gay, agonizing, foolish, tragic years between nineteen and twenty-four. In some ways she is not the subject of the book at all. The subject is "growing up" and the strange effects of the passage of time. The central figures grow from boys and girls to men and women; the peripheral ones grow old, and the pace of the book, which is as steady as the roll of the seasons which it describes so beautifully, increases one's sense of the shifting of generations. There are violent occurrences in "Love for Lydia," but they are not isolated incidents thrust up by an individual upheaval. The history of the town, the inheritance of a family, the changes in the land itself, and the weather, all have their bearing on incidents.

It is the nostalgic and sensitive record of Richardson's increasing awareness of the "confusion of reasons" which gives this novel its character, and it is because of this, perhaps, that the last pages seem the least convincing part of it. The confusions are resolved too neatly. The process of growing up comes to an end with an almost audible click and suddenly the two human figures seem less real than their own past or the snowy English night which surrounds them.

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Hopeless Waiting

CAST THE FIRST STONE. By Chester Himes. New York: Coward-McCann. 346 *pp.* $3.75.

By W. R. Burnett

THIS is a very odd book, and on many counts. It has a conventional and somewhat misleading title, an unusually vague and flowery blurb, and not a word about or a mention of the author, except for his name on the jacket. When you come to the story itself, you find that it can hardly be classed as a novel at all, but is more in the nature of an autobiographical or semi-autobiographical account of the prison years of a young man sent up for armed robbery. The tone is dry, monotonous, plain, factual, and there is the definite ring of truth; you have a feeling that all this knowledge of prison life did not come out of research but out of actual experience. It's all there. The horrible tedium, the pettiness and brutality of the guards, the constant bitter griping of the prisoners, the stir craziness, the finagling, the goldbricking, the rebellions, the hectic friendships and enmities, the finks, the irreconcilables, known in the prison as the "red-shirters"—all are described, at least for two-thirds of the book, with little or no comment, in a mere day-to-day recital.

We have here none of the esthetic generalization of a novel, but instead the unrelieved particularity of factual writing. For instance, though the author tries to throw the reader off the track by various dodges, it is obvious what prison he is writing about.

This is not then really a novel of prison life, but an account of a term served in a specific prison by a specific young man; in other words, the raw material for a novel.

And yet that is not quite all of it. There are illuminating flashes of sardonic humor here and there; there is a very fine picture, nightmarish and somewhat hysterical, of a prison fire and its chaotic and riotous aftermath; and there are some sharp vignettes of prisoners, particularly Negro prisoners.

But the oddest thing of all is the preoccupation with homosexuality. This is insisted on time after time in the first two-thirds of the book and you begin to feel little by little that the author is overdoing it and that this one item is throwing the whole picture out of focus. Shortly you discover that your feeling is correct. Homosexuality takes over the book in the last hundred pages, and the plain day-to-day recital of prison life turns into a feverish account of a love affair between two young men serving long sentences for armed robbery. Although the author—frank otherwise—insists on calling this business "friendship," it bears no resemblance whatsoever to any sort of friendship I've ever noted or experienced, and when these two young criminals began to yearn and humorlessly call each other "Sweet Man" and "Puggy Wuggy" the author almost lost me.

However, I'll admit I'm prejudiced and that prejudice makes for false judgments. So I will conclude by saying that the account of this love affair is highly original—I've never read anything like it—and for that reason alone is perhaps worth the reader's while. You—readers and bookbuyers—will have to be the judge.

Split the Stones

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE roots of trees go everywhere
nor speak of what they find,
most innocent of tentacles,
most innocent and blind.

They crack the coffin like a nut,
split stones and wrap around
the miser's strong-box buried once
in what was barren ground.

Confessor-secret, lawyer-sly,
they tell not where they've been
nor why the branches are so thick,
nor what makes leaves so green.

Twisted Strands

REPUTATION FOR A SONG. By Edward Grierson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 331 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

EDWARD GRIERSON'S second novel opens with Rupert Anderson—slight, shabbily clad, a little too beautiful—on trial for murdering his father. The reader's interest is quickly and a little meretriciously excited; if he did not know Mr. Grierson's reputation for seriousness, he might presume "Reputation for a Song" would become an unusually deft mystery. When the reader gets to the second chapter it becomes clear that the novel is more concerned with why parricide was committed than with whether it was or how.

The chief character, Rupert Anderson, is singularly unfortunate in his family. His mother, Laura, is a woman for whom even a bridge game is an opportunity to reestablish her ascendancy over her husband. Rupert is not her husband's son and she loves her son to a distraction that is the destruction of whatever potentialities he ever had of maturing. Rupert's father, Robert, takes out his inability to cope with his wife by treating his son with a severity that increases the intensity of a mother fixation. The conflict between parents makes Rupert a murderer.

The section of the novel that explains why Rupert killed his father is the best part of the book, but "Reputation for a Song" has other implications that are quite as important though less adequately realized. The vanity of attorneys, the cleverness of witnesses who are liars of good will, and the sentimentality of the jurors combine to make the court's decision a travesty of strict legal justice, yet one that is more just than a verdict based on all the evidence honestly presented could have been.

Mr. Grierson has an unusual capacity to perceive and present the complexity of motivation and morality that goes into the making of violence and the making of judgments about it. His portrayal of Laura, a thwarted, domineering woman; of Robert, a tactless man of principle; of Rupert, the not inevitably murderous child, is admirable. Mr. Grierson sees and presents complexity clearly enough so that we see the danger of accepting a simple dictum about right and wrong even when murder is involved.

Still he does not seem quite the distinguished novelist his publishers claim he is. He can descend to easy

(*Continued on page* 35)

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The World. Today, almost eight years after, it is discomfiting to recall the high hopes with which the states that had joined hands to defeat Fascism founded the United Nations. In its skyscraper home on New York's East River and in offices throughout the world thousands of men and women work daily to exchange the information and ideas that will lessen international tension and promote world peace. Already the organization has produced its corps of leaders with their fund of wisdom and experience, as three books we review here demonstrate: A. H. Feller's "United Nations and World Community" (page 18), Cornelia Spencer's biography, "Romulo: Voice of Freedom" (page 19), and Stephen Schwebel's "The Secretary-General of the United Nations" (page 19). But imperialistic ambition and local chauvinisms, jealousies, and interests are reasserting themselves in a disturbing fashion. In Europe we have what Robert Strausz-Hupé calls "The Zone of Indifference" (reviewed below), a situation Christopher Dawson also considers in "Understanding Europe" (page 17).

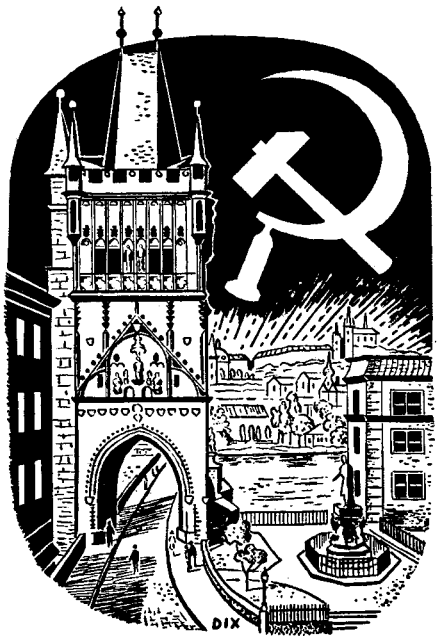
Times of Troubles

THE ZONE OF INDIFFERENCE. By Robert Strausz-Hupé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 312 *pp.* $3.75.

By HANS KOHN

FOR THE last one hundred and fifty years Europeans and Americans have often spoken of two different and even opposed civilizations, American and European. Such talk is fashionable in many "advanced" circles in France or Italy even today. In reality, the United States and Western Europe are both parts of the same modern Western civilization, which has its common roots in the Greco-Roman heritage and in medieval Christianity, in the Renaissance and in the Reformation, and which has grown in diversified forms according to local circumstances since the seventeenth century. This modern Western civilization, though historically continuous and culturally affiliated with the Greco-Roman and Western Christian civilization, is nevertheless fundamentally new by its emphasis on the rights of the individual against authority, the freedom of thought and scientific inquiry, and tolerance based upon the recognition of diversity. In this modern civilization, which has its origin no longer on the shores of the Mediterranean but on those of the North Atlantic, the United States represents the most "Western" nation, the one in which the new trends could come to full fruition, unhampered by strong residual forces from the past. Fascism, Communism, and in many ways Asian nationalism are counter-movements of pre-modern, authoritarian collectivistic forces against modern civilization, in whose worldwide triumph the nineteenth century believed.

Modern Western civilization is threatened today by schism and Asiatic tyranny, the very same threats which the preceding Western civilizations—the Greco-Roman and the medieval Christian—faced before. It is the merit of the new book by Professor Robert Strausz-Hupé of the University of Pennsylvania that it raises the issues involved in this threat above the level of the day-to-day discussion and views them in the depth of history and in the breadth of the whole web of cultural and sociological factors. His "The Zone of Indifference" surpasses in importance the author's preceding "The Balance of Tomorrow," which at the end of World War II warned us with unusual insight against the very mistakes which we were then committing. The present book shows the same acute understanding of immediate political and military problems, but it is more than an intelligent book on international relations; it is an essay in intellectual history and sociological diagnosis at their best. "That [Western] Europe and America each hold part of the truth and that the sands are running out because the parts are not being joined together, this is the tragedy of Western estrangement." The goal sought must be "the reconciliation of Western society and the restoration of that balance of power which has always been the guarantee of Western freedom." The future of Western civilization can only be made secure if the United States, the British Commonwealth, and Western Europe unite closely while maintaining their regional autonomy.



The crisis through which Western civilization passes today and the threat of vast wars are in no way new or unique phenomena. Throughout antiquity, in the Middle Ages and in early modern times, similar situations existed and the feeling of doom and catastrophe was widespread. Mr. Strausz-Hupé offers, among other things, a masterful analysis of the distress and perplexity of intellectuals in Germany, Italy, and France, of their despair in modern civilization and, of their masochism in unmasking the "shames" of this civilization. But the vitality and resilience of this modern civilization in lands where it is really rooted is not clearly seen. In reality, it is this civilization which is new and young; in the last one hundred and fifty years, and even in the last fifty years, it has brought about a refinement in moral attitudes and in social relations (for instance, in the United States and Britain) to such a degree that respect for individual rights and the treatment of the weaker members of society have no parallel in anything existing anywhere before the middle of the eighteenth century. Only in countries where modern civilization was not deeply rooted and was contested by older cultural forces, in Spain or Italy, Germany or Russia, the slow progress of the last one hundred and fifty years has partly been undone or perverted. In spite of all the perplexities today, the time for a dirge for modern civilization has not yet arrived, if Americans, Britishers, and Western Europeans can overcome their parochialism.

Hans Kohn is professor of history at City College of New York. His new book "Panslavism, Its History and Ideology" will be published shortly by Notre Dame University Press.

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Continent of Error

UNDERSTANDING EUROPE By Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed & Ward. 261 pp. $3.50.

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON'S latest book is an impressive testimony to the broad humanist culture of this English student of civilization, though it contains few new ideas, being rather a well-formulated summary of views presented in his previous works. It is built around the statement "Europe is a society of peoples who share the same faith and the same moral values." European history and culture cannot be understood if their spiritual Christian source and center are overlooked. Christianity developed "this spirit of moral effort and this consciousness of personal responsibility characteristic of Western culture." Dawson, the Catholic convert, does not identify Christianity simply with the Catholic Church; he puts at the side of liturgical Catholic tradition the Protestant emphasis on the Bible. Western culture, he declares, has gone through seven stages: based on Hellenism and the Roman world it reaches, after the formation of Western and Eastern Christendom, a peak in the Middle Ages from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Then the periods of disintegration start: the age of religious division and humanist culture, the age of revolution—when European culture became secularized—and, finally, the disintegration of Europe "which is both the cause and the result of the two World Wars."

It would be unjust to judge the book by this not very original scheme. Its value consists in the many fascinating descriptions of cultural trends—for example, Russia's oscillation between Europe and Asia, or the character of modern totalitarianism as a pseudo-religion, which by its emphasis on power and organization replaces lost traditional beliefs. Excellent is the chapter on Asia with its thesis that in reality there are several Asias, that is, areas of old civilizations, whereas the idea of Asia as one whole is a product of European interference. The ideals of the British Empire—"a political framework within which communities of every stage of culture and political development can co-exist peacefully"—are stated with barely controlled nostalgia, whereas the chapter on the civilization of the United States—"Western extension of European culture and the civilization of a new world"—ends with complaints about "material expansion and spiritual extroversion" and unawareness of the instability of the age of progress and the spiritual crisis of our time.

Dawson wants to be much more than an historian who describes the rise and fall of civilization. He tries to diagnose the crisis of our time. He sees it determined by the loss of spirituality; the life of society is no longer permeated by the experience of a supra-temporal reality; a purely humanistic culture cannot help, for such culture would remain the affair of a small elite of highbrows. Separation between religion and humanism only prepared the turn to an activist utilitarianism which, with its belief in signs and a combination of specialization and mass education, was bound to end in the present insecurity with its totalitarian danger and the anti-European xenophobia of Asiatic peoples whose traditions were destroyed by a technical civilization. But Dawson hopes that a period of utter spiritual exhaustion—he does not exclude from this characteristic present-day Christians—will be followed, as in the world of the Roman Empire, by a spiritual renewal.

Education ought to help in bringing it about, an education which would be based on the realization that Christian forces created the living unity of Europe.

Dawson's book has the great merit of raising many questions. What is, for instance, the relation between Christianity and a particular culture? Of course Dawson does not indulge in the error of Belloc, who identified the Faith with Europe; but it remains somewhat strange that the Oriental-Jewish background of Christianity is barely mentioned. And it seems that for him modern masses are un- and anti-Christian, whereas such a leading European theologian as Romano Guardini has lately proclaimed that the era of classical humanist individualism is definitely past, but that Christianity will adapt itself also to the era of the masses. Dawson is aware of the impossibility of undoing technical progress, but he sees this progress too much as opposed to traditional values, as incompatible with contemplative spirituality. Therefore, he avoids dealings with the decisive issue of the present crisis. He sees it in the light of past experiences, being a wise and well-informed historian, who, however, is not aware of the possibility that a new world may be established in the future by the destructive forces of today.

Waldemar Gurian, professor of political science at the University of Notre Dame, is editor of the Review of Politics.

F. L. Schuman "earnest company."

The Fine Ideal

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN: An Inquiry into Power Politics and World Government. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 494 pp. $5.

By SCOTT BUCHANAN

THIS is a book for those who are perplexed by the idea of world government, many of whom belong to one or other of the movements that are devoted to its realization, and many of whom have hesitated to join precisely because they are perplexed. Reading this book will not comfort them.

They will be disappointed for several reasons. They will discover that the idea is not as simple as many of its recent expounders have tried to make it; the sub-title is a suggestion of some of its complications. The idea is not new, since it has a history as long as civilization itself. The perplexed reader will also discover that there have been many governments in the past, the subjects and rulers of which thought they were world citizens and rulers when in fact they were not; as Toynbee has told us, universal states are symptoms of defeat after the breakdowns and before the disintegrations of civilizations. Finally, there is no known case of world government coming by agreement and contract; they have all come as results of conquest.

On the other hand, Mr. Schuman has been and still is an advocate of world government, and the hopeful

Scott Buchanan, former dean of St. John's College, is a trustee of the Foundation for World Government.

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reader will be glad that he has such honest and earnest company. Mr. Schuman does not intend to be a pessimist, but he is not afraid to be one. He is an academic scholar, but not a cold one. There is comfort in that.

Those who are familiar with the cosmopolitan idea—the idea of world government and world citizenship—and think that it should always have attention and advocacy, no matter what is taking place in the world, but perhaps more attention and devotion now than ever before, will read this book gratefully and without disappointment. They will enjoy seeing the meaning of the idea deepen and penetrate the amazing events that they are witnessing. They will be glad to subscribe to a quotation from Rousseau concerning his proposal of a federation of Europe in 1761: "This is not, of course, to say that sovereigns will adopt this project . . . but only that they will adopt it if they take counsel of their true interest. . . . All that I do assume in them is understanding enough to see their own interest, and courage enough to act for their own happiness. If in spite of all this, the project remains unrealized, that is not because it is Utopian; it is because men are crazy, and because to be sane in a world of madmen is in itself a kind of madness." Mr. Schuman adds that this form of madness is chronic.

Many of the recent advocates of world government are using its rhetoric to express their horror at the destruction of the League of Nations by World War II, at the apocalypse of atomic energy, at the subversion of the United Nations by the agents of sovereign governments, at the signs of decay in their own civilization. This book records these and similar pieces of history with appropriate horror, and then goes on to connect them with their primary causes. It seems to go even further and spell out in the historic train of events a kind of twentieth century doctrine of original sin. In the frontispiece there are two quotations: one from St. Paul concerning the Unknown God, "God that made

—*Unations.*

A. H. Feller—"keen capacity."

the world. . . . And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth . . . For we are his offspring"; and one from a seventeenth century chancellor of Sweden: "The world is ruled by a petty prudence." Mr. Schuman has a sharp eye for the petty prudence that hides in the shining clouds of our best intentions. He is not unaware that there are sentimental idealists, pious hypocrites, and monstrous villains. These, like tyrants, collapse of their own emptiness. It is rather the solemnities of the great crusade, the moral exhortations of collective security, and the bold new programs of world-planning that draw down the lightning of power politics, and end in conquest, empire, and misery. There is in this a tragic theme without denouement or recognition, and Mr. Schuman is warning all advocates of world government that they, too, carry a nemesis and are calling in the whirlwind. But he is not telling them not to advocate it. He is saying: I, shipwrecked on this shore, bid you set sail.

This is not the first time that a citizen of a small part of the world has felt the irony of tragedy creep into the determination to accept responsibility and power that is thrust upon him. This book reminds one of a mystery: "Again the devil took Him to a very high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them, and he said to Him, All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me. Then Jesus said to him, Begone, Satan, for it is written, You shall worship the Lord your God and Him only shall you serve. Then the devil left Him, and behold, angels came and ministered to Him." Americans are in need of more angels like Mr. Schuman: good sense, good spirits, and good style.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 981)

(ELMER) DAVIS:
NEWS AND THE WHOLE TRUTH

(from The Atlantic Monthly, August, 1952)

Experience has taught me, when the versions of the same story given by two wire services differ materially, to prefer the less picturesque; the other might have been souped up to beat the competition.

The Ball Is Round

UNITED NATIONS AND WORLD COMMUNITY. By A. H. Feller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 153 pp. $2.50.

By CLYDE EAGLETON

ABE FELLER was one of the chief advisors of the Secretary-General of the United Nations, and his recent death deprives that organization of one of its ablest officials, one who combined keen legal capacity with the needed political and practical approach to its problems. Only two or three persons could compete with him in understanding of the United Nations. It is fortunate that he left to us this distillation of his understanding. The volume is a small one, based on the Rosenthal Lectures which he gave at Northwestern University. It is concise, compact, and written in deceptively simple style.

Throughout the book a thread of thought runs continuously, the natural theme for a lawyer: How far is the United Nations a legal order, and how far should it be? The Charter, he says, is a political document, setting up a political system which does not govern, but aspires to guide the community of nations toward a world legal order; but the United Nations is now a legal order, and cannot tear itself loose from the specific restrictions of the Charter which is its constitution. When one looks at the debates in organs of the United Nations over the past few years, it does not appear that the delegates have felt much limited by these restrictions; they appear willing to take on any subject and to go to any extent with it. Mr. Feller was cautiously concerned with this: "Whatever might be the lawyers' debate," he says, United Nations organs interpret the Charter quite broadly ("disregard," thinks the reviewer, might be a better word than "interpret"). He was worried, as he might well be, over the extravagance of the debates over the colonial problem; there are signs, at the Seventh Assembly, that delegates are now beginning to show more respect for the Charter restrictions.

The methods of the United Nations, says Feller, are exposition, conciliation, and adjustment; and these are very flexible methods, never leaving the United Nations in a procedural straitjacket. But conciliation is not

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enough, as Korea shows; he thinks that the failure to meet aggression in Korea would have meant the end of the whole collective security system. He has no use for the Morgenthau-Kennan school of thought: "The peoples will never believe that true and enduring peace can be achieved without the eventual creation of a world order based on law and morality." Mr. Feller moves in the direction of "world government," but slowly: "No society can be stable unless it is founded on justice and the rule of law . . . we must build both together and the strengthening of one will progressively strengthen the other. If we try to take one alone, we shall lose out on both."

The important thing is, then, to develop an international conscience in support of the United Nations and to work particularly for economic and social progress; the efforts toward human rights, technical assistance, and such ideals thus become of great significance. But, he says, we can not do it all at once; progress is necessarily slow, but this does not mean that one must give up hope.

Notes

LITTLE MAN WITH A BIG VOICE: The cub reporter who worked for a daily salary of four streetcar tickets in Manila, and who rose to be one of the world's most eloquent speakers on behalf of colonial peoples, springs to life in Cornelia Spencer's exciting biography, **"Romulo: Voice of Freedom"** (John Day, $3). At many points the account is enhanced by excerpts from Romulo's own vivid writings.

As a graduate student at Columbia University, Carlos P. Romulo came to know and love Americans. His mastery of the English language led him in turn to a professorship in the University of the Philippines and the editorship of various Manila newspapers. As publisher he threw his support to Quezon and the cause of Philippine independence. A series of articles on colonialism in the Far East won him a Pulitzer Prize.

What a splendid preparation this was for the days and nights on the rock of Corregidor, when, as General MacArthur's aide-de-camp, Romulo broadcast daily to 75,000 Filipino and 10,000 American troops! And the subsequent lecture tour of the United States was perhaps no less grueling in its own way.

Interesting as these war episodes are, they might have been pared to give us more about Romulo as President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations, where, as the champion of subject peoples he was the butt of Mr. Vishinsky's sarcasm as "the little man with the big, big voice." The description was fully merited. —JOHN TRUEMAN.

WORLD UMPIRE: The recent resignation of the only man to hold the office of Secretary-General of the United Nations has once more focused attention on the administration of that body. Stephen M. Schwebel's **"The Secretary-General of the United Nations"** (Harvard, $4.75) is largely the story of Trygve Lie. The author has used official sources and oral testimony to produce an authoritative, scholarly monograph.

The Secretaries-General of the League of Nations preferred to exercise a modicum of political influence; and until 1947 so did Mr. Lie. However, with the Palestine crisis he began to utilize his office for increasingly political considerations. It was and is a ticklish business: nonpartisanship and political action in the interests of the U.N. may prove to be incompatible. This becomes increasingly evident in Mr. Lie's interventions in the Palestine crisis, the Berlin blockade, and the tangled issue of Chinese representation. By the time of the Korean crisis the Secretary-General felt able openly to associate himself with one side and to organize an international army. This had to be skilfully done, for, dependent as he is on national publicity media, the Secretary-General cannot himself rally popular opinion on any issue.

What will be the future of the office? Mr. Lie, it is stated, thinks that its prerogatives should be clearly defined. Although his policies have been much abused, Trygve Lie seems to have maintained admirable independence. He has probably raised the office of world umpire to its greatest heights. —J. T.

DECLINING DEMOCRACY: There is general agreement today that the age of European hegemony is over. Thus, by default, the United States has become the world's leading democracy. Yet a scant 10 per cent of the world's population lives under genuinely democratic government. The terrifying increase of tyranny in our modern world has led Dr. Felix Somary to write a sober essay, **"Democracy at Bay,"** translated by Norber Guterman and published by Knopf at $2.50. The author, a distinguished Swiss economist and banker, writes with a sensitive appreciation of historical values.

Modern war is the catalyst which has changed political action from an individual to a collective responsibility. The destruction of private capital and increasing confidence in the planned economy were only one goose-step behind. Some democracies, we are reminded, even descended to the bribery of bread lines to stave off dictatorship.

The greatest modern democratic fiction is that of the sovereignty of the people. A democracy at war ceases to be democratic. Any democracy worthy of the name must have citizens independent of the state and a state independent of external pressure. No democracy can be imposed from without. Switzerland, the theoretically perfect democracy, and the United States, the only powerful working model, demonstrate what can still be salvaged. Whether the United States can learn the lesson and act as a tolerant regent is the question which remains.

This little book is brief enough for the undergraduate seminar and stimulating enough for anyone else who can find three hours to devote to some hard thinking. —J. T.

"BASIC AMERICAN": Many peoples came to North America, but only the British came to settle permanently. In the strange environment the refugees founded a new society—not British, not stratified, not even too law-abiding. A revolution affirmed the rights of property, and a Declaration of Independence was promulgated "to avert complete business chaos." Such is the racy summary of early American history provided by Ernest L. Klein in **"Our Appointment with Destiny"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3).

This book is packed with suggestive comments on the American and European past. The recurring theme is that Americans are more an economic than an ideological people. This "Basic American," Klein feels, ought to face the world as an avowed democratic capitalist, neither flirting with Socialism, nor rebounding into Fascism. Foreign policy ought to be based on a realistic appraisal of past history and not on ideological sentimentality. It is in this spirit that a useful summary of Russia's Byzantine heritage and Asia's emergence is offered.

Some of the most notable strictures of the book are reserved for those Americans who would regard the United Nations "almost as an American club." Less dogmatism in international affairs, and a foreign trade divorced from politics—these are in line with the basic American attitude and point the way to world salvation. Therefore, reliance on American greatness will not be misplaced. —J. T.

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What's in a Slogan?

ADVERTISING men have long known the value of establishing a name or a characteristic in the public mind, and many a product has been floated to success on the reiteration of a word or a group of words. The human intellect is so constituted that it gravitates toward the known rather than the unknown and to the familiar rather than to the strange. This is the psychology which underlies the commercials of the radio, the advertisements in cars and buses and on billboards, the pages in magazines and newspapers that commend a myriad kind of goods.

Politicians, like advertising men, are aware of the magic which resides in the familiar and put their knowledge to use in the slogans they attach to persons and causes they wish to promote. Statesmen, with their greater dignity of office, their habitual caution, and their further remove from the jostling fluctuations of public opinion, lean perhaps less on such technique. Yet statesmen and politicians alike have used it with enormous effectiveness in the past. It was the technique which Cato employed with his insistent cry that Carthage must be destroyed, that the expansionists of the German Empire used when they demanded a place in the sun, that Hitler degraded in his persistent denunciation of the Jews. They were all habituating the public mind by the reiteration of a phrase to a course of action which as time went on became not strange or debatable or dubious but matter of course. The tragedy is that their method is so frequently applied to further nationalistic ends or unpacific purposes rather than to the promotion of good.

The history of human progress has abundantly demonstrated the fact that what to one generation has been strange and menacing to another has become standard procedure, and that ideas scoffed at and ridiculed at one period by constant reiteration are almost insensibly accepted. We in the United States have had an example of this in the recent past in the violent opposition which was offered to the New Deal program when first it was revealed and in the fact that a great part of what was then reviled has become so firmly integrated into American thought and procedure that even the bitterest of its erstwhile opponents would now no more undo what has been done than would its warmest proponents. This is the evolutionary process, a process of trial and error, which advances slowly at times, occasionally by leaps and bounds, but moves steadily onward. The problem today is how to accelerate it, how to take up the lag between the leaders and reformers and the wide public to whom their aims so often for long seem visionary.

It is here that the advertising technique, the constant repetition of a slogan may be of enormous importance. A few dedicated crusaders, who care more for the causes they advocate than the criticism their monomania may arouse, can be a propulsive power of incalculable strength. Gradually what has been addressed by them to special audiences seeps into general circulation; gradually what at first blush appears merely utopian and improbable of realization, becomes familiar; gradually it comes into the realm of possibility and so of support and effort. To free an idea from the taint of the fantastic or the fanciful, to wear off its strangeness by constant naming of it, is the first step in winning adherents for a cause, in preparing men's mind so that they will no longer argue its improbability but its possibility. So ideas progress in the world.

No taxation without representation; liberty, equality, fraternity; votes for women—what were they, long since become commonplaces of belief, but slogans in the beginning? But the greatest slogan of all—peace on earth, good will to men—still remains unfulfilled. Partly because pessimists have downed it by counter slogans—that man is a fighting animal, that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—by tagging as visionary and unrealizable projects such as a League to Enforce Peace, in its day, or European federation and World Federalism in our own. In the life of any single individual a man's reach may exceed his grasp, but in the course of generations indefatigable reaching may attain a heaven. More power to the elbows of the men of zeal who believe in distant goals.

—A. L.

And Time Running Out

By Hannah Kahn

THIS is the way my world began . . .
bewildered and never wholly young,
innocent, with the bright glaze
of summer clouded but always song
and the word and the music mine alone
in the crowded days, in the darkness shared.

This is the way my world will end.
dust on my eyes and a new white shroud,
Moonlight slanted above a mound
that marks the turned and tortured ground.
One way to begin and another to end,
and time running out of an open hand.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Critics Maligned

▶ IN AN ARTICLE appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* for November 15, entitled "The Whittaker Chambers I Know," Mr. Craig Thompson writes as follows concerning the reception of Chambers's book "Witness" at the hands of the nation's critics:

> There was something stupefying about the vehemence with which the critics pounced on Chambers because Chambers had put in a good word for God. There was also something mystifying about the manner in which many reviews were written, for, though they made it plain that what Chambers said about God deserved denunciation, none of them quite got around to analyzing what he said. This, too, had a strange aspect because it was precisely those critics with the most pretensions to scholarship who seemed to be the most outraged, when any scholar should have known that what Chambers said in 1952 had also largely been said eighty years before by a Russian novelist named Fyodor Dostoievsky.

Now, these are serious words. For what Mr. Thompson is saying in a nutshell is that the critics condemned Chambers's belief in God. The facts do not bear Mr. Thompson out, and since the *Saturday Evening Post* is not an obscure journal, but an important mass-circulated weekly, it would be unfortunate if its readers should be left with an erroneous conception of just what the critics have actually said.

Inasmuch as I reviewed "Witness" for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and hence can be considered one of that body of critics which Mr. Thompson has condemned out of hand, I should like the opportunity to present a few of the relevant facts, if only briefly.

I have not read every review of "Witness." I doubt whether anybody else has. But I have read a number of them, including several that were written by competent historians, philosophers, political scientists, and literary critics, and which have appeared in important publications ranging in political complexion from conservative to liberal. I have also read the reviews which were printed in the New York City daily press. In not a single case have I found a critic who "pounced on Chambers because Chambers had put in a good word for God."

I did find that the majority of the serious reviewers, far from not "quite (getting around to) analyzing what he said," analyzed his words and their implications very thoroughly (space limitations considered) indeed. As for Mr. Thompson's snobbish assumption that "those critics with the most pretensions to scholarship" are unfamiliar with the work and religio-political opinions of "a Russian novelist named Fyodor Dostoievsky," it is demonstrably false, and contains, in the bargain, a particularly fallacious bit of logic. By implication Mr. Thompson is asking his readers to swallow the following syllogism: a) eighty years ago Dostoievsky stated an absolute truth, b) Chambers reiterates Dostoievsky's words in 1952, ergo c) Chambers has pronounced an absolute truth which it is frivolous to tamper with. The fallacy, of course, lies in the major premise.

"Someday all this will be run by atomic energy."

The general sentiments of most of the critics I have read can, I think, be summed up briefly in the words of Orville Prescott who wrote of "Witness" in *The New York Times*: "It is a psychologically fascinating document . . . But it leaves some questions unanswered and it is not particularly significant about others." Writers of what I might call "key" reviews, *i.e.*, those written by qualified people in leading periodicals and newspapers, expanded this theme.

Where these writers took issue with Chambers on the question of religion in politics it was not on the basis of Chambers's belief in God (for all of them, regardless of personal piety or the lack of it, subscribe to the principle that a man must be free to seek God as he wishes), but rather with Chambers's insistence on the potentially dangerous, absolutist posing of the problem as: Communism or God, either-or, with no middle ground allowed. It was Chambers's iron dogma, his fatal attraction to the absolute, not his personal religious feelings, on which the critics "pounced."

In substantiation of these remarks I should like to quote some pertinent excerpts from the reviews of a few of these "key" critics.

Writing in the Sunday book review section of *The New York Times*, Sidney Hook said:

> Chambers's story of his life is a minor classic in the history of religious conversions. No one can doubt the sincerity of his hard-won faith . . . As a quest for personal salvation, it will command the respect of those . . . whose natural piety takes other forms. But to make this faith a basis for social salvation is a hazardous enterprise . . . In the very interest of religious freedom itself, as well as of the effective struggle for democracy, it is necessary to repudiate his contrast between faith in God on the one hand, and intelligence and scientific method on the other, and his further equation of a monstrous piece of dogmatism and a gratuitous gift to Communism. It no more follows that faith in intelligence and scientific method must lead to torture and death in the cellars of the Lubianka than that faith in God must lead to the Inquisition or the rack and the stake.

Marcus Duffield, reviewing "Witness" for the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote:

> To Mr. Chambers the question is whether Communism will destroy us before religion can save us. Our additional bulwark, the good com-

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mon sense of the American people, does not figure in his thinking.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in *The Saturday Review* said:

> The essential issue is not belief in God. It is rather the sense of human limitation, of human fallibility, of what he (Chambers) himself calls the "moral incompleteness" of man. And the tragedy of religion is that belief in God is by no means a guarantee of humility. . . . Mr. Chambers mentions Dostoievsky. But has he ever pondered the significance of the Grand Inquisitor? Was it just accident that Dostoievsky chose the officer of a church as his symbol of the conviction and corruption of infallibility? . . . To divide the world between those who reject God and those who worship God would put some curious people in Mr. Chambers's camp. . . . It would be a narrow view which would welcome such believers as General Franco and the Grand Inquisitor and Ivan the Terrible into the community of freedom, but would bar many decent, humble people who have no pretensions to certainty about the absolute.

In a studious review for the *Partisan Review*, Philip Rahv wrote:

> Chambers's melodramatic formula —God or Stalin?—is of no help to us in our modern predicament . . . Chambers allows for no modulation in his attacks on the rationalist and naturalist trends in Western culture. For him the only issue is atheism. . . . His religious-political plea is made unconvincing by the very terms it is cast in, terms belonging to that type of religious conservatism which ordinarily finds its complement in political reaction . . . (Emmanuel) Mounier, a French Catholic thinker . . . protested against the idealist habit of thought by which the activity of men in nature and society is reduced to no more than a reflection of the spirit, and he warned against enlisting the religious tradition in defense of the conservative cult of the past—a defense by prestige which sooner or later exposes the defenders to vengeful blows. . . . (Mounier) corrects the excesses of a writer like Chambers, whose illusion it is that he is serving religion by pulling down the image of man.

Irving Howe, writing in *The Nation*, says:

> The world, as Chambers sees it, is split between those who acknowledge the primacy of God and those who assert the primacy of man; from this fundamental division follows a struggle between morality and murder, with Communism the final version of the rationalist heresy . . . These views Chambers announces . . . Indifferent to the caution that the sin of pride takes no more extreme form than a belief in God as one's personal deus ex machina . . . would there . . . be much point in reminding (Chambers) that religious faith has rarely prevented despots from being despotic? that many of our most precious concepts of liberty are the work of skeptics? that Stalinism thrives in pious Rome as in worldly Paris? that it wins supporters in an Orient which has not known a loss of religious faith comparable to that of the West?

Finally, though I do not pretend to the stature of the critics just quoted, nor in any sense consider myself a "key" critic, I should like to quote from my own review in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

> Chambers has amply proven to us that a Communist is first of all a man of fanatical faith. Yet, when he breaks with the underground he takes refuge in a mysticism involving an equally tenacious faith in the absolute. This is, of course, his inalienable right as an individual. Still, it is at least possible that in the critical positivism which Chambers explicitly rejects lies the hope of the world. This possibility, unfortunately, he nowhere admits.

It is possible that there have been some reviewers who have acted as Mr. Thompson charges. I don't know. However, Mr. Thompson's phraseology, his use of the words "the critics" means as far as I am concerned "all of" or "most of." I submit that "all of" or "most of" the critics did not act as charged.

Mr. Thompson has made factually incorrect statements. In making them one can only conclude that he is either ignorant of the facts in the case, or intellectually dishonest. I am charitable enough to accept the former explanation—but the responsibility of correcting the erroneous impression left in the minds of several million readers by Mr. Thompson's words remains.

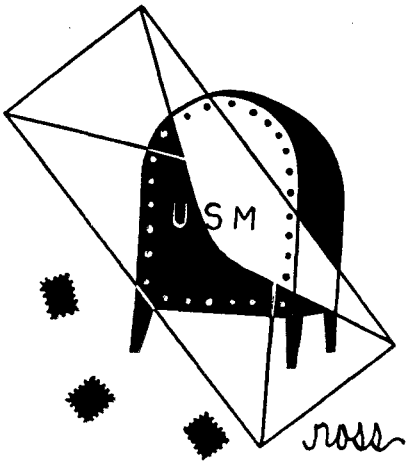
DOUGLAS O. COOKE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Douglas O. Cooke is assistant promotion manager of the* Brooklyn Eagle *and a regular contributor to its book review columns.*

Bread Into Stone?

▶ THE QUOTATIONS from passages in the King James Version of the Bible and the attempted improvements upon them in the Revised Standard Version [*SR* Dec. 20] indicates that the editors rejected a vivid word or phrase in favor of a dull one. They have violated the rhythm and hence the impact of the words, and have succeeded only in turning bread into stone. Anyone who reads this denatured revision without exposure to the older version will, in all probability, be immunized for life against Christianity.



MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

Man's Purpose

▶ I READ AND RE-READ Mr. O'Malley's letter on Christianity's Appel [LETTERS, *SR* Nov. 13] several times before deciding to answer it. On first reading I didn't understand it, and on second I understood it, but didn't believe it. On subsequent readings I looked vainly for some indication that this was an attempt at satire—a tongue-in-cheek exercise which had not quite come off—but was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the letter had been written in all seriousness, and therefore demanded a reply.

Mr. O'Malley says he despises the tenderness of Jesus. He writes, "In its true form, Christianity could appeal only to the unusually tenderhearted and extremely sentimental," and suggests that if this objectionable feature were played down, there might still be some hope for it. Is Mr. O'Malley suggesting that we adopt some *untrue* form of Christianity, yet to be decided upon, in order to create more converts?

He advises that "less emphasis should be placed on the so-called virtues of humility, meekness, and tenderness for they serve no useful purpose in to-day's society." But how can anyone who is interested in the teaching of Christ place less emphasis on these things when he placed them first? And how can one say that they serve no purpose in society when those purposes are not defined?

I have noticed a tendency on the part of these unsentimental characters to assume that they are in tune with what they are pleased to call "this modern, practical world." But for those of us who are still interested in examining the meaning of words to express a thought, rather than to air a prejudice, this world is no more modern to-day than it was 2,000 years ago—it is simply contemporary; and if "practical" is to be considered as a synonym for "useful," what could be more useful in achieving our ends than practising the teachings of Christ? The fact that one is unable to do a thing has never been accepted, fortunately, as any indication that it can't be done; and to some of us it is still considered impractical continually to adjust one's goals to fit one's failures.

It seems to me that the one clear purpose of human society today is to try to achieve peace and harmony amongst ourselves, irrespective of religious thought, and none of our many latter-day Messiahs have been able to suggest a better remedy than the overcoming of personal pride and prejudice. Certainly it will not be achieved by despising tenderness.

DWIGHT TAYLOR.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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America's Philosopher

MAX EASTMAN

"THE most profound and complete expression of American genius," was the phrase used by the University of Paris in conferring a degree upon John Dewey in 1930. The opinion was shared by a majority of learned men the world over, but it is not easy to explain.

Dewey was, to begin with, the man who saved our children from dying of boredom in school. His influence changed the school, as the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" says, "from a place where children prepare for life to a place where children live." He was also a philosopher who created the first and only system of philosophy entirely native to America.

Those two achievements are enough to fill a life. But to understand Dewey as a "complete expression of American genius" you have to know the character of the man.

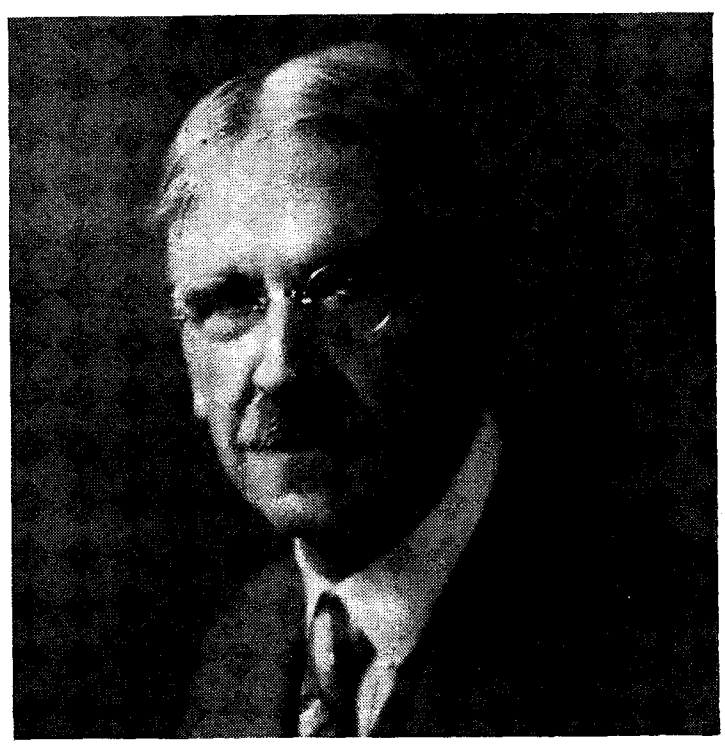
I had a rare opportunity to attain such knowledge, for I began my career as his "assistant," and his pupil, in philosophy. It happened because an instructor under him had died suddenly in the middle of the year. Although I was just out of college and knew almost nothing about philosophy, Dewey satisfied himself that I was capable of knowing something about it; and as he said, "There is one kind of coeducation that everybody believes in—the coeducation of teachers and pupils." On that theory he lifted me out of a hall bedroom in Greenwich Village and set me down in an office adjoining his at Columbia University. For four years he was my closest intellectual friend.

In those days Dewey looked like the portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson; with the same flat hair and black mustache, and the same luminous eyes. Dewey's eyes were wells of dark, tenderly intelligent light such as would shine more appropriately out of a Saint Francis than a professor of logic.

I remember how he used frequently to come into class with his necktie out of contact with his collar, or a pants leg caught up on his garter. Once he came for a whole week with a rent in his coat which caused a flap of cloth to stick out near the shoulder like a cherub's wing. His hair always looked combed with a towel, but no one cared.

He would come in through a side door, very promptly and with a brisk step. The briskness would last until he reached his chair, and then he would sag. With an elbow on the desk he would rub his hand over his face, push back his hair, and begin to purse his mouth and look vaguely off over the heads of the class, as though he might find an idea up there along the crack between the wall and the ceiling. He always would find one. And then he would begin to talk, slowly and with little emphasis and long pauses, and frequent glances up there to see if he was getting it right.

The process was impersonal and rather unrelated to his pupils—until one of them asked a question. Then those glowing eyes would come down from the ceiling and shine into that pupil, and draw out of him and his innocent question intellectual wonders such as he never imagined had their seeds in his brain.



John Dewey—"most profound expression of American genius."

Drawing out was never better done than in Dewey's classrooms. His instinctive deference, and unqualified giving-of-attention to whatever anybody, no matter how humble, might have to say, was one of the rarest gifts of genius. He would conduct long correspondences with obscure people—carpenters, plumbers, cigar-store keepers—from all over the world, discussing the problems of life with them as though they were the heads of universities. Pecking away with two fingers on a worn old portable typewriter, he seemed to me to embody the very essence of democracy.

DEWEY was not only American, but you might almost say average American. Nobody would ever call him brilliant. He published thirty-eight books and 815 articles and pamphlets—a pile twelve feet, seven inches high—but if he ever wrote one quotable sentence it has got lost in the pile.

He was born in Vermont. His father ran the general store, and had a sign up: "Hams and Cigars—Smoked and Unsmoked." His mother was a Universalist, which means one of fifty to sixty thousand Christians kindhearted enough to believe we shall all be saved. The family was no more poor than rich, but if John wanted any spending money he had to earn it—which he did by delivering papers after school.

He swam and skated on Lake Champlain, but not any too well. He liked to play, but was no good at "set games"—not competitive enough, I think. He was a great reader, but did not care for "set lessons," either. He didn't get high marks. People were more impressed with his sweet temper and selflessness than his brains.

He used to say that he wouldn't have gone to college if there hadn't been one right there in Burlington to slide into. He slid through his first three college years, too, without throwing off any sparks. He joined the White Street Congregational Church with sincere religious feeling but no profound experience of conversion. He was a good boy and wanted to be better, and thought God would help him—that was all. He was an impeccable Sunday school teacher.

Toward the end of his

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junior year in Vermont University this placid life-process was crashed into by an event that unsettled the whole scheme. The crisis was a short course in physiology with a textbook written by Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's great disciple and defender. In reading Huxley's account of how man's actions are determined by his nerves and brain, Dewey felt himself to be in a different world from that in which as a Sunday school teacher he was telling boys how they should be determined by the soul. He was swept off his feet by the rapture of scientific knowledge. And yet he could not stop thinking of life in the old terms of moral aspiration. There seemed to be some chasm between these two worlds, a chasm over which this lanky, shy, black-eyed boy yearned in the intense way that most shy boys do over their best girl.

As a result, his senior year at college was an ardent adventure. He plunged heart and soul into his studies. He led his class and got the highest marks on record in philosophy. By the end of that year there was little hope left in the Dewey family that John would turn out to be anything more useful than a philosopher.

After graduation, John went down to Oil City, Pa., to teach in a high school. One evening while he sat reading he had what he called a "mystic experience." It was not very dramatic. There was no vision—just a supremely blissful feeling that his worries were over. When he tried to convey this emotional experience to me in words, it came out like this: "What are you worrying about, anyway? Everything that's here is here, and you can just lie back on it."

"I've never had any doubts since then," he added, "nor any beliefs. To me faith means not worrying."

At the end of the year Dewey went back to Burlington with a new tranquility in his heart, but still the old tension in his head about that chasm between the material and moral sciences. To close that chasm was the main preoccupation of his intellectual life. That is what his philosophy was created for. He taught that all thinking, even about the stars and the universe, is "instrumental," and its truth is nothing more than its success in bringing human beings to their ends. Thus he sought to give moral judgments the same force and validity possessed by judgments of fact. Like other average Americans who take life seriously, Dewey was intensely concerned about being good. He wanted goodness to be harder and less mollycoddle than it was in the White Street Sunday School, more like playing your part as a citizen-soldier of democracy. He wanted it to have a firmer hold on the thinking mind.

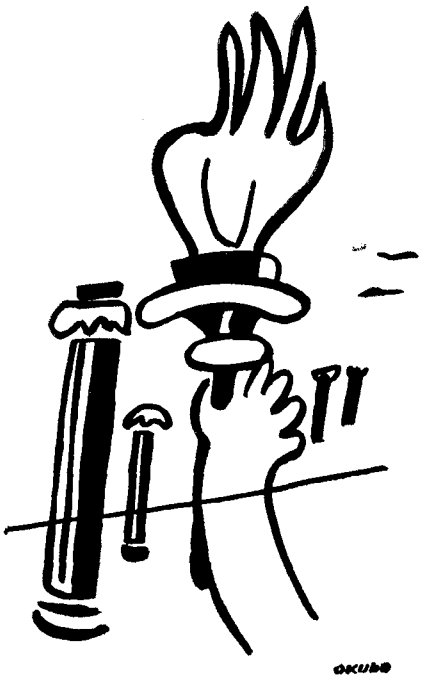
That fall he borrowed $500 from an aunt and went down to study philosophy at the brand-new university founded by Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. When he received his Ph.D. degree in 1884, President Gilman offered him some advice: "Don't be so bookish; don't live such a secluded life: get out and see people."

At the University of Michigan where he went as an instructor, Dewey did begin to "see people." Among the first he saw was a coed named Alice Chipman, who lived at his boarding-house. She was a strong-minded girl, an ardent woman suffragist, deeply religious but of no church, and brilliantly intolerant of "bunk." It was good luck—or was it good sense?—that John Dewey loved and married such a woman. She had an adoring admiration of his genius, but she had also a female impatience of the cumbersome load of ideological considerations that he had to carry along when arriving at a decision. Her own decisions were swift, direct, harshly realistic. She put "guts and stuffing"—the phrase is Dewey's—into what had been with him mere intellectual conclusions. She kept pulling him down into the real world where, as his own philosophy insisted, a man ought to be.

There were five children romping around the house during the most creative years of Dewey's life. They did not disturb his meditations in the least. Indeed, Dewey was at his best as a logician with one child climbing up his pants leg and another fishing in his inkwell. He had a way of doing two things at once without getting nervous that was almost like a parlor trick.

HE ENCOURAGED his children to cope with difficulties created by their own activities. In his house at Ann Arbor, Dewey's study was directly under the bathroom, and he was sitting there one day, absorbed in a new theory of arithmetic, when suddenly he felt a stream of water trickling down his back. He rushed upstairs to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailboats, the water brimming over, and his small boy Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely: "Don't argue, John—get the mop!"

In 1894, Dewey went to the University of Chicago which had offered him the chair of Philosophy, Psychology, and Education—a combination then unknown to the academic world. In Chicago, Mrs. Dewey organized and became the principal of an elementary school in which Dewey's theories could be tried out. Here was not only the "learning by doing," but also the *thinking* that Dewey sought to promote. He wanted children so placed that problems would arise out of their own natural interests. They should themselves select the information relevant to the solution of a problem and themselves apply it experimentally.



Education has moved in that direction now for half a century, and throughout the world John Dewey is recognized as the author.

In these days it is hard to imagine the clamor raised in 1896 by the idea of a laboratory school. "A school where they experiment with the children—imagine!" He could hardly have shocked the parents of the Nineties more if he had proposed vivisection in a kindergarten. Even when closely examined, his idea seemed to be to let children do just what they wanted to, which was generally regarded as equivalent to letting them go to hell.

Dewey was, perhaps, slightly utopian in his rebellion against the old puritanical pumping-in system of education, summed up by his contemporary, Mr. Dooley, in the remark that "it don't make much difference what you study, so long as you don't like it." But he did not believe in consecrating children's whims, much less in forcing them to have more whims than is natural to them. He had more horse sense than some of those who now conduct "progressive education" in his name.

The school was a flourishing success.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Max Eastman is the author of more than twenty books, including "Enjoyment of Poetry" and "Enjoyment of Laughter."

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Seeing Things

THE MAN & THE MYTH

RECENTLY, on trains and in hotel rooms (those blessed refuges from the telephone, those citadels of rest, and sanctuaries for readers), I have been devouring books on Lincoln and the Civil War for working reasons of my own. While doing so, I have discovered, like everyone else, that hitting "the pipe of the past" in the case of this particular period is a risky, habit-forming business. In no time you are a chain-smoker. One book, however fascinating and seemingly complete, leads to another. There is always something more to tempt the attention and demand tracking down. The quest is endless. If the professionals are staggered by the libraries they must master, we, the amateurs, the green beginners, the mere dabblers, are naturally appalled by the shelffuls our curiosity persuades us to tackle.

The subject I happened to be pursuing was the assassination of Lincoln with its grim details and grimmer results. In the process (a process by no means completed) of reading the obligatory books new and old, I found myself late one night dipping into Sherman's "Memoirs." In them I came across his account of an incident which I had somehow forgotten, though I must have read about it before in Sandburg, where it is briefly touched upon, or in the late Lloyd Lewis's "Sherman, Fighting Prophet," where it is developed at length. The strange thing is that so many other people with whom I have talked since in both the North and South also seem to have forgotten the incident or never to have heard of it.

I go back to this Sherman story, familiar as it is to historians, not to refight the Civil War but because it demonstrates how easily public figures can become the victims of myths even when the truth about them is accessible. That Sherman has long been the victim of such a myth is clear to anyone who, instead of talking about the war from inherited prejudices, is willing to read its literature.

No Yankee general is more hated in the South at the present time than Sherman or has been so warmly hated for many years. In the popular mind he is remembered for four things: his capture of Atlanta; the ruthlessness of his March to the Sea; his famous declaration, "War is hell" (made some time after he had proved it); and his no less famous "If nominated I will not accept, if elected I will not serve." If these are the four things about his career which are best remembered, the one which Southerners have neither forgiven nor forgotten is his March to the Sea. Its destruction has obscured for later generations Sherman's real attitude towards the South and the fact that at the war's end Confederates regarded him as a champion of clemency. The incident in his "Memoirs" to which I refer is but one of many proofs of how different the generous Sherman of reality was from the hated Sherman of the myth.

April 17, 1865, must have begun as one of the happiest days in Sherman's life. Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox eight days before. Joseph E. Johnston was now prepared to surrender to Sherman. The terrible struggle seemed at last to be reaching its end. The two Generals were to meet that morning at a point halfway between Durham and Hillsborough, N. C. Sherman had ordered a car and a locomotive to take him from Raleigh to Durham. As he entered the car at eight in the morning, a telegraph operator, whose office was upstairs in the station, ran down to the General, saying that he was at that moment receiving a most important dispatch in cipher.

—*Culver.*

General Sherman—"the generous reality."

Sherman held the train until the operator returned with the message translated and written out. It was from Stanton and announced the assassination of Lincoln, the attempt on the lives of Seward and his son, and warned Sherman that he, too, might be in danger. Dreading the effect of such a message at such a critical moment, Sherman asked the operator if anyone besides himself had seen it. When he answered no, the operator was ordered not to reveal its contents by word or look until Sherman returned, which he proposed to do that same afternoon. The train then proceeded. From Durham Sherman and his escort went by horseback to the rendezvous. There he met Johnston, and the two of them found the privacy they wanted in the small frame house owned by a farmer named Bennett.

"As soon as we were alone together," writes Sherman, "I showed him the dispatch announcing Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and watched him closely. The perspiration came out in large drops on his forehead, and he did not attempt to conceal his distress. He denounced the act as a disgrace to the age, and hoped I did not charge it to the Confederate Government. I told him I could not believe that he or General Lee, or the officers of the Confederate army, could possibly be privy to acts of assassination; but I would not say as much for Jeff. Davis, George Sanders, and men of that stripe. We talked about the effect of this act on the country at large and on the armies, and he realized that it made my situation extremely delicate. I explained to him that I had not yet revealed the news to my own personal staff or to the army, and that I dreaded the effect when made known in Raleigh. Mr. Lincoln was peculiarly endeared to the soldiers, and I feared that some foolish woman or man in Raleigh might say something or do something that would madden our men, and that a fate worse than that of Columbia would befall the place."

CONSIDERATE as is the tone of the foregoing paragraph, the sentence which makes the most unexpected disclosure about Sherman is the one in which he confesses to having revealed the news of Lincoln's assassination to the *enemy* before informing his staff or troops. No one could be tougher as a fighter than Sherman or more aware than he was that the greater the devastation for which he was responsible in such a war-ending military operation as his March to the

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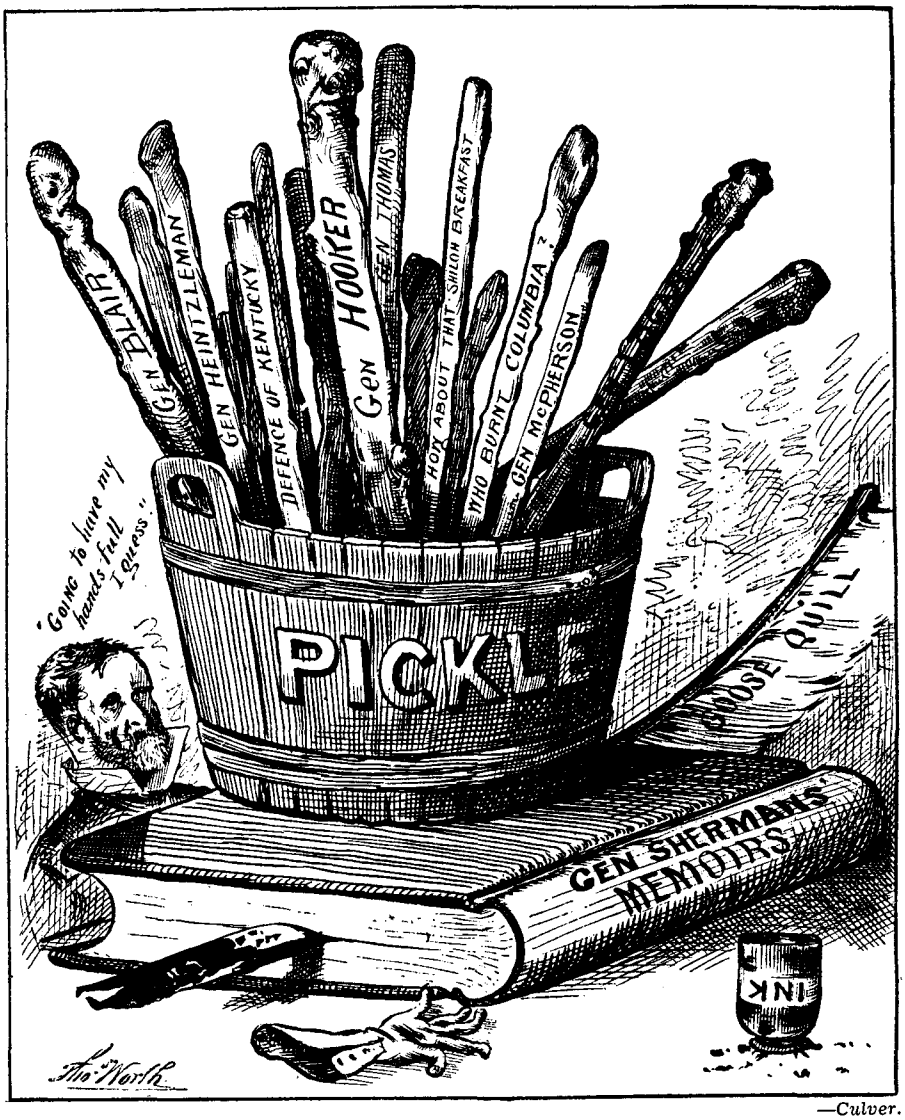

—Culver.

WHAT SOMETIMES COMES OF "WRITING A BOOK."

("O That Mine Enemy Would Write a Book!!"—Job.)

Sea, the more inevitably he would be branded as "the terrible Sherman."

But brusque and pitiless though he was as a campaigner, Sherman came to his first and subsequent meetings with General Johnston as a man who hated war because he knew it, who prized the Union above all things, and who was eager to make peace on the gentle and healing terms dear to Lincoln. Sherman and Grant had, as a matter of fact, recently held secret conferences with Lincoln on board the *River Queen* at City Point, Virginia. The President and his family were supposed to have escaped from Washington after his inauguration for a non-political visit to the front. Actually Lincoln, with characteristic shrewdness, had outwitted his Cabinet, and particularly Stanton, by making the trip. He had ordered his two Generals to meet him so that he could be certain the peace terms they were soon going to impose would be of the merciful kind he desired, rather than of that cruel and barbarous sort for which Stanton, the arch-avenger and true villain of the Civil War from the point of view of the South, was screaming.

ODDLY enough, though everyone knows about Grant's generosity at Appomattox, few seem to recall that Sherman was even more generous in his dealings with Johnston. It was the North, not the South, which was outraged by the terms he forwarded to Washington for approval. However surprised Southerners may have been by his leniency, they were delighted. Many Yankees, no less surprised, were scandalized.

Sherman was accused of "traitorous" softness. Northern newspapers turned on him. One insisted his peace terms must be the result of "stark insanity." Another pointed out that "with a few unlucky strokes of the pen he has blurred all the triumphs of his sword." His Government repudiated his agreement with Johnston. Grant was sent to Raleigh to super-

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sede him, although out of deference to his old friend he did not assume command of Sherman's army or show himself to the troops. Stanton in his fury deliberately published misleading statements to the effect that Sherman had gone far beyond Lincoln's orders: that he might profit financially by allowing Jefferson Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe with what was left of the Confederacy's gold; that he had made it possible for slavery to be re-established; and that he had imperiled the future security of the United States by permitting the Rebels to retain their arms.

Fortunately, Sherman's eclipse was short-lived. Within a month the General received a tumultuous ovation when, at the head of his troops, he marched down Pennsylvania Avenue to be reviewed by President Johnson and his Cabinet. Furthermore, Sherman had the satisfaction, once he had left the line of march and greeted the President and General Grant in the reviewing stand, of publicly refusing to shake Stanton's proffered hand.

The best account of the General's subsequent trials and triumphs is given by Lloyd Lewis in "Sherman, Fighting Prophet." Mr. Lewis graphically describes his activities in the years right after the war when he spoke incessantly and with gruff eloquence in the cause of peace and urged conciliation instead of destruction. The General was pleased to discover on his official journeys South during these years that he was not unpopular among most Southerners. Once, when he stopped at Jackson, Miss., which he had twice burned, the people met him in what he calls "the most friendly spirit." A few years later, when he was in the South again, he reported that the trip had been "in every sense agreeable. . . . I never received more marked attention by all classes and not a word or look reached me that was not respectful and gratifying."

THE Sherman of the myth, the Sherman who was to become the symbol of Yankee cruelty and the focus of Southern hatred, was born when the General's "Memoirs" were published in 1875. Although he knew his two volumes would invite criticism, he did not anticipate that they would provoke hatred. They were written as candidly as Sherman talked. The old campaigner, reliving the past, surveyed it in dispassionate military terms. His was a book Mr. Lewis rightly describes as having "no heroes and no villains." Its compliments were few, its unflattering appraisals of men and actions many. It was as critical of some Northerners as it was of some Southerners.

The South, suffering as it was under the horrors of carpet-bag rule, was in no mood for criticism. The General's human pride in the destructive operation he had carried out to shorten the war seemed inhuman to those whose property he had destroyed. His unmincing words opened old wounds. His stories about his gigantic raids seemed heartless. "It was humanly impossible for the South," says Mr. Lewis, "grieving for the 'lost cause,' suffering from financial and spiritual collapse, and writhing under Radical oppression, to read Sherman's book as he had intended it to be read —a lesson to Americans to obey the Constitution and the Federal laws."

Mr. Lewis gives his own interesting reasons for Sherman's having become the "pariah," especially of Southern noncombatants. It was easier to find a single villain to hold responsible for the widespread poverty than it was to understand that this poverty was due to the agonies of reconstruction, stupendous war debts, and the economic difficulties of changing from slave to free labor. A contributing factor to the hatred centered on Sherman, Mr. Lewis suggests, was that Grant had fought principally on the border while Sherman had fought in the interior.

The revulsion of feeling against Sherman was not without its ironies. As Mr. Lewis points out, "In the later and more spectacular years of the war Grant had won his victories by steady, remorseless slaughter. Sherman had won by avoiding bloodshed and by destroying property instead. Northerners hated the Confederate raider Morgan, who had only burned their buildings, far more than they hated Lee, who had killed bluecoats by tens of thousands. Both sections came to praise if not revere those enemies who had destroyed human life and to execrate those enemies who had destroyed barns."

The contrast between the Sherman legend and the facts of his career makes its depressing comment on such knowledge of history as most of us like to think we have. Unfortunately, all too many of us tend to approach history as victims of prejudice, repeaters of hearsay, and readers of headlines rather than small type. Not having the time or inclination to do research, we are apt to believe what we like to believe and to mistake it for truth. The pages of history are far too crowded with characters for us to know more than a smattering about the majority of them. Due to the pressure of our own living, we reduce their lives to anecdotes (true or false), to a few dramatic moments, or to single famous statements. The tragedy about present history no less

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than past is that, even when the facts are available, most people seem to prefer the legend and refuse to believe the truth when it in any way dislodges the myth.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

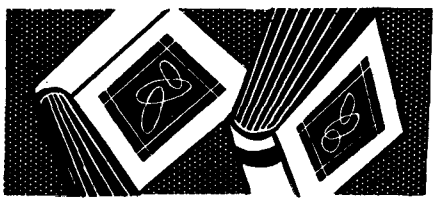
Drama Book Note

SHAW REVISITED: An anthology of one man's writing that provokes thought and at the same time can be read in entertaining twenty-minute chunks is a valuable book indeed. Diarmuid Russell's **"Selected Prose of Bernard Shaw"** (Dodd, Mead, $6.50) fits these specifications admirably. Certainly it is not the best 1,000 pages of Shavian prose extant, but it is a fair sampling of the best he had to say in a wide range of categories. Those who like to think of Shaw as a fashioner of wit may, after reading this volume, come to the realization that the quality that is Shaw is not brilliant writing, for almost any of the aphorisms within these selections could be improved with a little work. What does emerge is a man of extraordinary energy who never finished one subject before he began on the next. Possibly this was a habit learned in his days as a soapbox orator who had constantly to shift his topic in order to keep the interest of listeners who might otherwise walk away. Or again it may have been his contempt for the polished literary stylist who was inclined to use more style than his matter could carry.

While the book is divided into six categories (Biography, Fiction, Music, Theatre, Socialism, and the inevitable Miscellaneous), most interesting to theatregoers and probably his best writing is that which has to do with the institution which he regarded as important as the Church in the Middle Ages and much more important than the Church was in London in the years under review.

Unfortunately, the book is not indexed, for it contains many things I wish I had said and probably will, now that I know where to lay my hands on them. For my own use I have compiled a brief index of some of the highlights which I shall be glad to pass on to interested *SR* readers on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

—HENRY HEWES.



OPENINGS COMING UP: **"Be Your Age,"** by Reginald Denham and Mary Orr, who previously collaborated on "Ladies in Retirement." A comedy of a young girl who plans to marry a classmate of her father's; its cast includes Conrad Nagel, Loring Smith, and Hildy Parks (Jan. 14 at the Forty-Eighth Street). . . . **"The Love of Four Colonels,"** Peter Ustinov's London success satirizing the difference between the American's, the Britisher's, the Frenchman's, and the Russian's attitude towards women, starring Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer and featuring Leueen McGrath (Jan. 15 at the Shubert). . . . **"The Fifth Season,"** a comedy about the ladies' suit business featuring Richard Whorf and Menasha Skulnick (the week of Jan. 19 at the Cort). . . . Zasu Pitts and Lucille Watson in a revival of **"The Bat,"** (Jan. 20, no theatre yet). . . . **"Midsummer,"** a play by Viña Delmar about a schoolteacher who wants to write for show business *circa* 1907. It marks the Broadway debut of Geraldine Page, whose performance in Circle-in-the-Square's "Summer and Smoke" was hailed by Tennessee Williams as the best since the late Laurette Taylor. Also in the cast are Mark Stevens, Vicki Cummings, and Howard Smith (Jan. 21 at the Vanderbilt). . . . Arthur Miller's new play, **"The Crucible,"** with Arthur Kennedy, Beatrice Straight, Walter Hampden, E. G. Marshall, and Cloris Leachman. The play is laid in Salem in 1692 and concerns a young farmer who is the victim of the period's hysteria about witchcraft (Jan. 22 at the Martin Beck). . . . Kevin McCarthy and Joseph Schildkraut in a revival of Shakespeare's **"Love's Labour's Lost"** (Feb. 4 at the City Center). . . . Ben Hecht's musical adaptation of his motion picture "Nothing Sacred," which is titled **"Hazel Flagg."** The score is by Jule Styne and Robert Hilliard and Helen Gallagher and Thomas Mitchell will head the cast (Feb. 5 at the Hellinger). . . . Novelist George Tabori's new play, **"The Emperor's Clothes,"** which takes place in 1930 Budapest and concerns a schoolteacher and his son. It features Lee J. Cobb, Maureen Stapleton, and Anthony Ross (Feb. 9 at the Ethel Barrymore). . . . Charles Laughton's adaptation of Stephen Vincent Benét's epic poem of the American Civil War, **"John Brown's Body."** The presentation stars Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey, and the Walter Schuman Choral Group (Feb. 14 at the Century). . . . A revival of Shaw's **"Misalliance"** with Francis L. Sullivan, Tamara Geva, and Roddy McDowall (Feb. 18 at the City Center).

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SR Goes to the Movies

SEE THE MOVIE, READ THE BOOK

—From "My Cousin Rachel."

Richard Burton and Olivia de Havilland—"a hand-picked cast."

THE same qualities that placed Daphne du Maurier's "My Cousin Rachel" high on best-seller lists last year will probably secure an equal success for the Twentieth Century-Fox film version of her novel. As written and produced by Nunnally Johnson, it captures fully both the dark, romantic flavor of the book and the enigmatic character of its heroine, even adding a measure of suspense that is lacking in the original. For Johnson wastes no time over Miss Du Maurier's more prolix passages. His script gets right down to business, following her story line closely right through to the final doubt-filled fade-out. As a result, characters emerge somewhat more sharply in the film than in the book. What also emerges more sharply, unfortunately, is the fundamental trickery behind the whole thing. Presumably the author knows whether her heroine is a misunderstood saint or a subtly calculating sinner; she just doesn't say. In preparing his screen play, Johnson has felt a need to heighten the proofs substantiating either interpretation. The result is not unlike watching an expert card sharp—utterly absorbing, but just a little frustrating, too.

The scene is one of Miss Du Maurier's gloomy, sprawling Cornish castles of a century or so ago where Rachel, the widow of Ambrose Ashley, is guest of young Philip Ashley, who has fallen heir to the property. From the start Philip has suspected her of murdering his cousin Ambrose, but his suspicions fade as he falls under her spell. In a burst of youthful ardor, he signs over to her the entire estate. His suspicions quickly return, however, when Rachel proves decidedly less amorous once she is in complete possession. A mysterious Italian arrives. Is he Rachel's lover or just a very good friend? Philip develops an illness remarkably similar to Ambrose's fatal malady. Is it heredity or poison? But if Rachel is poisoning him, why does she also stay on as his nurse? These questions, these inconsistencies, prickle throughout the film. And the more explanations you invent, the more you have to explain.

Yet the total effect, at least so long as you are still watching the screen, is quite fascinating. With each new turn of events your mind races back over past scenes, testing how this squares with that, searching always for clues. And all the while director Henry Koster keeps the action pitching forward. Outstanding performances from a hand-picked cast also help sustain the effect. Olivia de Havilland, the mysterious Rachel, manages to convey the dual nature of her role in every scene. There is nothing you can put your finger on; just the uneasy feeling that something is wrong—or too right. Richard Burton, new to the screen, is equally successful as the overtrusting—or oversuspicious—Philip. Indeed, the entire production bespeaks careful and intelligent picture making. But a special word is in order for Joseph La Shelle's moody, low-keyed camerawork. With its rich blacks, its dramatic range of grays, its calculated and sparing use of highlights, it gives the final gloss to an altogether skilful entertainment.

* * *

From Giovanni Guareschi's internationally successful "Little World of Don Camillo," a Franco-Italian team has created a warm and wholly satisfying movie. Like the book, this "Don Camillo" is essentially a series of anecdotes that together add up to a well-rounded portrait of a forthright, even pugnacious, priest in a small north Italian village and of the town's bluff, hearty Communist mayor, Peppone. Guareschi took no sides in presenting the clashes between the two, and neither does the film. Instead, we are led step by step to an understanding of the principles and motivations of these two strong-willed and very human beings, and at the same time given some sense of the ancient antagonisms and new conflicts of post-war Italy. Lest this all seem too forbidding, perhaps it should be noted here that Guareschi drew his characters with a wry, perceptive humor that rose above partisan politics or religious dogma. In translating them to the screen, Julien Duvivier, both as writer and director, has managed to sustain this same approach, aided no end by the shrewd performances of Fernandel in the title role, Gino Cervi as Peppone, and the innumerable sharply etched townsfolk who keep running in and out of the episodes. The film is a bit long, but it is impossible to think of a single detail that might be eliminated. In fact, the story ends with the strong suggestion that there might be a "Return of Don Camillo," and everything about this picture makes that seem like an excellent idea.

* * *

"Stars and Stripes Forever" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is described as "based on" John Philip Sousa's autobiographical "Marching Along," but that hardly seems likely. Whatever plot it has concerns itself largely with the efforts of a brash and energetic Marine to retain the affections of a burlesque queen of the Nineties. Not that Sousa himself is slighted. Appear-

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ing first as the sergeant-major of a Marine band, he progresses without interruption to becoming the world-famous "March King" of later years. But the late Lamar Trotti's script is little more than a sprinkling of sprightly, uncomplicated episodes, vignettes, and humorous anecdotes from Sousa's life between a quick succession of Sousa's marches. Their bright energy, their lilt, their rugged optimism blare out whenever the narrative shows the slightest sign of faltering. While Clifton Webb tends to make Sousa rather like most other Webb characters, precise and omniscient, Alfred Newman's spirited musical direction of such pulse-throbbing marches as "Semper Fidelis," "The Washington Post," and, of course, "Stars and Stripes Forever," gives this film a zest and zing all too rare in musical biographies.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

My Cousin Rachel: Reviewed in this issue.

Little World of Don Camillo: Reviewed in this issue.

The Member of the Wedding: Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

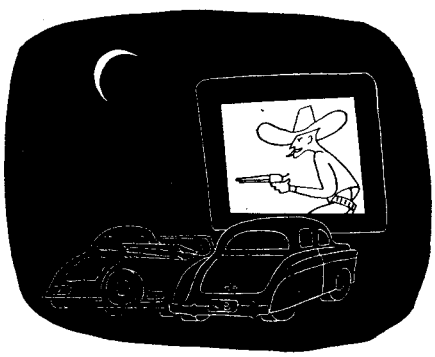
Face to Face: Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, and Hollywood collaborate here in a highly valuable "duo-drama." (*SR* Dec. 20.)

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Castellani. (*SR* Dec. 13.)

Forbidden Games: A memorable exploration into the child's world, filmed in France. (*SR* Dec. 6.)

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)



TV and Radio

I LOVE LUCY STONE

BACK in the middle 1800's when Women began throwing off the chains of their servility—a period they now refer to with truly feminine perversity as The Stone Age—Lucy little realized that one day her followers would invade the field of comedy writing in radio and television.

For many years a gag writer in the eye and ear media experienced a chauvinistic security in his chosen career. No Lucy Stoners here. Oh, here and there one sprang up in the kindred branches of his art—a Dorothy Parker, a Mary Chase.

The gentlemen who have been writing gags for the stars of television, particularly, have lately begun taking uneasy inventory of their jingoistic security. Women have furtively but surely slunk into their racket, and there is time out now at the story-conference table for applying lipstick.

It would hardly have been noticed except for the frightening fact that the girls have insidiously become part of the writing staffs of three of television's top shows. On "I Love Lucy" a Madelyn Pugh has charmed her way into the private bailiwick of Bob Carroll and Jess Oppenheimer. On the Caesar-Coca show a Lucille Kallen has managed to ensnare such stalworth men of the quick joke as Mel Brooks and Mel Tolkin. And sitting in high place on the Berle show along with Aaron Rubin, Arnold Auerbach, Jay Burton, and myself is another lady on the prowl, by name Selma Diamond.

I am not familiar with the comedy writing talents of the first two mentioned. The popularity of their respective shows is obvious testimony to their capabilities. Miss Diamond came to me some three years ago by introduction from Groucho Marx, for whom she once wrote. He prevailed upon me to engage her for the late lamented radio "Big Show" starring Tallulah Bankhead. In our first brief interview Miss Diamond clearly displayed all the symptoms peculiar to a talented mass medium comedy writer, with the exception that she made no request for an hour off every day for a visit to the analyst. Her explanation was simple.

"I used to imagine I was a tall, willowy blond," said the black-haired Miss Diamond. "I've reconstructed my thinking."

Groucho was high in his praise of Miss Diamond. (The secret word for that day must have been "clever.") But my reason for putting her on the staff was a different one. Content to write the show with two other men, Mort Green and George Foster, I imagined in my male superiority that Miss Diamond in her dainty feminine fashion would keep our weekly outlay of jokes for Tallulah less censorable.

On her first day on the job we sat pondering a joke for Judy Holliday. This joke of hers appeared on the show:

JUDY: I've worn strapless evening gowns since I was twelve years old.

TALLULAH: Isn't twelve a little young for a strapless evening gown, darling?

JUDY: If it stays up you're old enough.

When the Big Show went to Paris for a broadcast, Miss Diamond daintily contributed this joke which was heard in a Fred Allen spot:

TALLULAH: I can't get used to this French money.

FRED: Yes, it's printed on the thinnest paper I've ever seen in public.

When Groucho was a guest on the show Tallulah was saying she liked a man who could fly a plane, race a boat, fight a duel. A man who could do things. And Miss Diamond had Groucho say:

"Well this morning I got up out of bed, went to the door, got the morning paper, picked up the milk bottle and the breakfast rolls, and brought them all into the house without dropping a thing."

TALLULAH: What's so remarkable about that?

GROUCHO: No strings on my pajamas.

Miss Diamond also has her more orthodox moments. Her "frustrated woman" jokes are often born of an inner secret turmoil. Sample: A girl on the Milton Berle show was asking Milton to marry her. Milton was trying to explain to the girl they were not compatible.

"But don't worry," he said, "in this world there's a girl for every fellow and a fellow for every girl."

To which the girl replied: "Somewhere someplace tonight there's a girl with two fellows."

And when Uncle Miltie was boasting to Martha Raye that he had millions of little nephews and nieces, Miss Ray replied, "I hope your sister has plenty of Blue Cross!"

—Goodman Ace.

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Music to My Ears

BRUNO WALTER'S MAHLER—KRENEK AT THE NEW FRIENDS

Bruno Walter—"the ability to cast a spell . . ."

THE ability to cast a spell, to hold the listener absorbed and unmindful of anything save the meaning and purpose of a piece of music, is certainly a prerequisite for any fine interpreter. Among present-day conductors it has one of its most powerful demonstrations when Bruno Walter conducts Mahler. The identity of re-creative thought with creative intent, of time values with timbres, made almost a hypnotic thing of the Fourth Symphony as broadcast in a recent performance from Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on the CBS network.

It is an old but ever new story how well Walter can make this orchestra play, with a warmth of tone, a generosity of spirit in individual solos it rarely offers to another conductor. Something of the same willingness and good will marked the performance the week before of Corelli's "Christmas Concerto," a work of lustrous imagination and spirit which is played rarely and almost never with the serenity Walter evoked. I did not hear the Thursday night program at which Irmgard Seefried sang a group of Mahler songs, but her performance of the vocal portion of the symphony in the broadcast, artistic and expressive though it was, lacked the vocal security one has heard in her European performances.

* * *

It came Ernest Krenek's turn to be honored by inclusion in the New Friends' series when it resumed activities in the New Year. For all the years of knowing his work, this was my first sight of him, and an agreeable one it was as he devoted himself to the piano parts of two new "Sacred Songs" written in memory of a friend lately deceased. Matching the retrospective spirit of the quotations from "Ecclesiastes" and the Psalm No. 104 with a twelve-tone technique produced something oddly expressive for a good part of each song interpreted by Hertha Glaz. However, the narrow vocal range of the settings, and Miss Glaz's imperfect English—her musical execution was thoroughly good—left the ear overtaxed and weary before each work was concluded. There was, however, a stronger sense of motivation than one usually finds in music of such intellectual design.

The session began and ended with quartets of Mozart (in A and G, of the "Haydn" set), played with vigor and style by the recently formed Berkshire Quartet. Its components are by no means wholly balanced as yet, but I was especially taken by the cultivated sound, the instinct for leadership, in the playing of Urico Rossi, a young violinist previously unknown to me. He did especially well in the first movement of the A major.

* * *

To judge from the frequency of "Tosca" performances this season at the Metropolitan, one might assume that Rudolf Bing has found himself a new Jeritza. As recently reported, it was Licia Albanese who did a thoroughly professional effort in her first try, but we have since had Delia Rigal twice, hardly in what would be called an answer to public demand. The story of this uneven singer need hardly be dwelt upon, but the performance in which she was joined by Sigurd Bjoerling as Scarpia may long stand as an example of non-bel canto.

One may charitably allow that Bjoerling (who had previously been heard only as Telramund in "Lohengrin") was pushing his voice to fill the unfamiliar theatre, but so much bluster and foot-stamping hardly consorted with notions of Scarpia as a suave, as well as a dirty, rascal. When Bjoerling and Rigal got to exchanging insults, one got to longing for Del Monaco to come out of the torture chamber and remind us what singing was—if such a longing is believable! He made a remarkably picturesque Cavaradossi, and a powerful one vocally.

Record Week

WHAT is there about the music of Chopin which will bring out the bad side of even an artist as fine as Artur Rubinstein? The same thing, probably, which brings out the best side of an equally fine artist, such as Guiomar Novaes.

The evidence on which this case is stated is the concurrent appearance of fresh versions of Chopin's solo sonatas, also a pair of miscellaneous collections. Rubinstein has the privileges currently with the B flat minor, Opus 35 (RCA Victor LM 9008, $5.72), Kapell with the B minor, Opus 58 (LM 1715, $5.72). Presumably the former is a replacement for RCA Victor 1082, with which Rubinstein was represented in the catalogue previously, but it strikes me as overwrought (in the first movement), with some passages in the scherzo that are muddy, almost (if the charge is not libelous) suggesting inaccuracies. The "Funeral March" has its impressive attributes, but also its oversophisticated details. (The Debussy on the second side finds Rubinstein in a better adjustment to the material: "Poissons d'Or," "Fille aux Cheveux de Lin," "Masques," "Ondine," etc.).

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Kapell's B minor Sonata, on the other hand, gives me more occasion to agree with those who rate him highly than most previous recordings. He is represented by a really resonant sound, the mood is fresh and persuasive, the finger work in the second movement notable even for one whose virtuosity is as well established as Kapell's. A string of seven Mazurkas on side two comes off with energy and verve. This is decidedly a creditable record for Kapell.

The values that may come and go in one artist's approach to Chopin are strikingly revealed in a disc by Alfred Cortot (LHMV 1032, $5.95) which suggests a gathering together of products from several different recording sessions. The quality of piano tone is decidedly variable, which would not mean too much if all the performances had the extraordinary control, the subtlety of feeling to be found in what, without exaggeration, may be called a great performance of the F major Nocturne (Opus 15, No. 1). Here is the art of interpretation at its finest, providing what is in effect a translation, from notes into sound, of the full sense of romantic yearning in the original. In this and in the A flat Waltz (Opus 69, No. 1) Cortot preaches a little sermon on the meaning of the word "phrasing"; but his "Barcarolle" (Opus 60) is labored and thick-sounding, his E flat Nocturne (Opus 9, No. 2) underplayed to the point of rarefaction. For all its inequalities this is a disc which has its "must" aspects for all Chopin devotees.

Lest it seem that such inequalities are inevitable in a miscellany, there is ready refutation in a collection by Novaes (Vox PL 7810, $5.95) which, as the good audio component should be, is "flat" in its graph of accomplishment from the first note of the C sharp minor Scherzo to the last of the F minor Fantasie. In between Novaes plays the "Berceuse" with melting tenderness, a delightful version of the D flat Waltz, a fanciful one of the F sharp major Impromptu, and possibly the best performance I have ever heard of the E major Etude (Opus 10, No. 3). The F sharp Nocturne (Opus 15, No. 5) completes the series. Novaes doesn't have the robustness of Rubinstein, the limitless finger freedom of Kapell, or the ultimate refinement of Cortot, but she does have the extraordinary balance of Novaes—which makes her a deeply satisfying player of the music to which she is attracted. That balance, incidentally, gives her Chopin (on records at any rate) a consistency of quality that is difficult to match in any other artist's work. Vox has produced an excellent likeness of her sound.

—Irving Kolodin.

BOOKED for TRAVEL

PURELY OCCIDENTAL

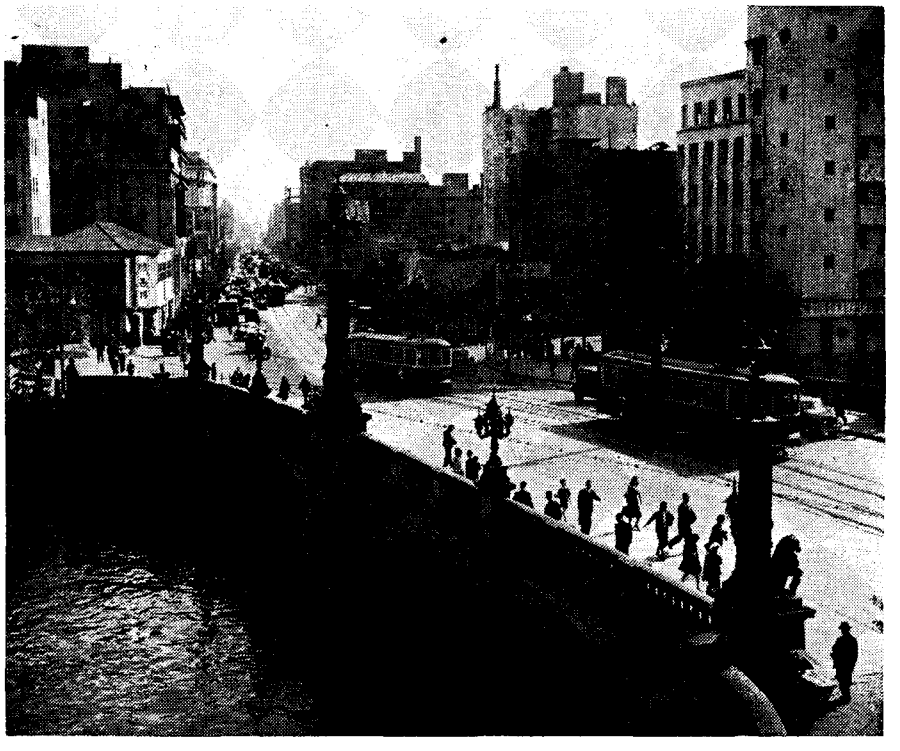
Tokyo.

I WOULDN'T say that everything is exactly up to date in Tokyo City, but show me a place where things move faster. Or louder. The seven million who live here make New York look like Upper Monongahela. They move down the avenues and across the squares in solid phalanxes, and remnants of the formations run off in a dozen directions. It seems that the seven million are all on bicycles, and sometimes that they are in ancient tin lizzies, on motor scooters, in tricycle delivery trucks that are enlarged motorcycles, in bicycle rickshas. They are also on foot, every man a Notre Dame guard.

For one thing there are few traffic lights, fewer traffic cops, and no order. A man has to be nimble and also keep up his insurance premiums. A dazzled tourist, having just gotten caught in the revolving door of his hotel which works in the reverse of ours, emerges on the street to find the traffic running left-hand, or English style. But whereas the Englishman on wheels is the soul of chivalry, here the automobile horn is quite as necessary to the smooth functioning of a motor car as are the sparkplugs. The horn signal is not used so much as a warning of impending danger, but rather as a way of saying, "I see you." Drivers and pedestrians play a sort of friendly game of mobile "I Spy." It is perfectly possible, however, for a car to go barreling down an empty street, horn blowing madly. I can't seem to draw much significance from this peculiarity, for just as frequently a vehicle goes barreling down a street jammed with pedestrians, horn going, people dodging for cover like corn kernels popping off a hot griddle.

Huge lanterns daubed with bright colors dangle from every restaurant and shop. Every eating place hangs out a curtain at eye level so you just can't manage to see who is inside. Music blares in the street—a mixture of Bing Crosby doing "White Christmas" and "Jingle Bells" or "C'mona My House" in Japanese. Should a man look to the skies for solace he will find it filled with helium balloons trailing long tails printed with advertising.

There isn't quite anything that looks like home here in Japan. I have seen apples as large as grapefruits, white radishes as long as French breads, and the carrots almost as long as that. The persimmons look like tomatoes.



Start of the Ginza at Nihoh-bachi—"a sort of friendly game of mobile 'I Spy'."

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and they are eaten here either before they are ripe or after they have been hung on strings and become dry. I have walked into a counterpart of a delicatessen without being able to identify one single item except a displaced box of Ritz Crackers.

THE change for anyone coming straight out of the States is rather like walking through a door and finding a new civilization on the other side. Air travelers are whisked westward in hours. Coming, as I did the other day, on the President Wilson of American President Lines hardly creates a different effect. You are at sea for two weeks, but the voyage is a continuation of good substantial American hotel life, albeit afloat.

So you walk down the gangplank and suddenly the dress looks like somebody yelled "Fire!" in the Turkish bath. Some of it is straight Western dress. More than I had anticipated is Oriental. For instance, the well-dressed gentleman this season is wearing, bottom to top, wooden *getas,* which are plain flat clogs elevated by two strips of wood until the wearer stands about three inches off the ground. *Getas* are held to the foot by a pair of straps that separate the big toe from the second toe. To keep his feet warm the gent wears a pair of *tabis,* which are like foot-mittens. There is a separate compartment for the big toe. This being winter, he wears a woolen skirt, above that a woolen cape, frequently with a fur collar. Sometimes you see a man, but never a woman, with a whole fox fur around his neck. And topping the entire ensemble is an ordinary fedora, brim turned up all around.

Businessmen usually wear Western dress to the office and change to a kimono at home. This also requires changing from socks to *tabis* in order to put on *getas.*

Young girls, especially in the cities, have gone over to Western dress, but roughly three females in four are still in kimonos. Ladies also wear *tabi* socks and *getas* elevated by three-inch stilts or sloping platforms. The kimono is held together with an *obi,* which is a colorful, often brocaded sash one foot wide, ornately folded in the back. It takes a huge metal clip, a padded support, double joints, ten minutes, and a year of practice to tie an obi.

Babies, which are being born at the rate of two and a half million a year, are carried papoose fashion, facing forward. A large kimono covers mother and child. Once a boy is school age he gets a black uniform with brass buttons and a black peaked military cap.

No matter what he is wearing, a Japanese in winter seems never to be warm. Western-style hotels and Western restaurants built for the tourist are steamheated, but shopkeepers, ticket-takers, and just about everyone else huddles over a pot of charcoal embers. Colds are easy to catch, and many people try to avoid them by wearing white surgical masks all day, a holdover from the prescribed preventives used during the flu epidemic following World War I. This curious addiction to antisepsis is largely confined to respiratory areas. Kissing is still considered pretty dirty business in Japan, and before the war kissing scenes were cut out of foreign motion pictures. Even today Japanese actresses require that a small invisible antiseptic piece of gauze be placed over their lips before they indulge in any Western-style smooching scenes.

When it comes to eating and sleeping, you can have it local or Western. Most tourists live Western and dabble in Eastern. It is infinitely cheaper to live like a Japanese, but sleeping on the floor and eating seaweed and raw fish gets to be a little rough for a man on vacation. Since the occupation ended last spring virtually all hotels have been turned back to their original owners and are operating again on a straight civilian basis.

Tokyo's famous Imperial has become again a nesting place for some of the most fascinating guests assembled this side of Ankara. It is a low, squat, somehow Oriental-looking building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in the Twenties as an earthquake-proof hotel. It did indeed resist the quake of '23, but in the end it may perish of the shocks of tall Americans bumping their heads on the low doors. When I look out my window from a standing position in my room at the Imperial I get a clear view of the window shade roller. To wash my hands in the basin I make as if to touch my hands to my toes and stop when I reach porcelain. Frank Lloyd Wright was infinitely more conscious of the height of the Japanese than those architects who planned other Western hotels here, and indeed it is not the Japanese who live in them anyway.

Nonetheless, the Imperial possesses a wonderful fascination. A comfortable room there with Western beds, good hot water, and steam heat, a rarity in Japan, costs $10 a day for two without meals. The service is almost as quick as electricity, for a sneaker-shod *boy-san* is at your door before your finger is off the buzzer. It will cost from $2 to $5 a day more to stay at the new Nikkatsu, a beautiful modern and hand-

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some hotel that occupies the sixth and seventh floors of a shiny new office building.

Although lodging seems quite high in Tokyo, and civilian rents are nothing short of fantastic, food is comparatively inexpensive. A Western-style luncheon in the Imperial's dining room with an entree of fish or steak costs about $1.50. There is also a grillroom in the basement, and for those who want to plunge into *la vie Japonnaise* the hotel's Sukiyaki Room is one of the best in town. You must remove your shoes at the door and prepare yourself for a bowing, smiling greeting from the full corps of waitresses done up in colorful kimonos tied with an *obi*.

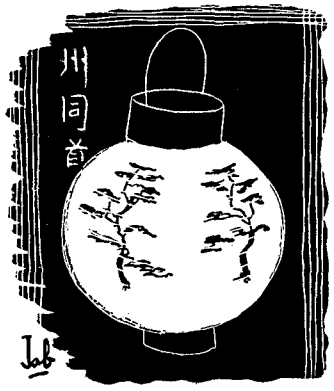
Typical of Japanese decor, the room is utterly simple and charming, decorated with rice-paper screens, unvarnished woods, and lovely flower arrangements. Each party is ushered into a separate alcove divided by screens, the diners squatting on cushions around a lacquered table two feet high. Dinner begins with wet, hot washrags scented with an Oriental fragrance. You wipe your hands, pass the hot rag over your face and deposit it back in its wicker container. It's an old Eastern custom and you'll run into it at most restaurants and hotels. Now that you are clean, one of the kimono ladies kneels before you and cooks dinner on a hot plate.

A special kind of restaurant serves nothing but an assortment of fish fritters called *tempura*. Dinner at the famous Inagiku the other night started with the usual shoe-shucking at the door, followed by washrags, followed by hot unsweetened green tea. That done, the initiates were paraded past a delightful little garden into a room fitted with a semicircular table. Inside the horseshoe stood the chef, while the guests took up low stools around the rim.

The chef began dealing around the horseshoe, and in front of us appeared in succession: fried prawns, fried white fish, fried watercress, fried gingko nuts, fried green peppers, fried sea eels, and fried cuttlefish, which are cousins of octopus by Firestone out of Goodyear. At this point everything is fried except the customers, so comes now sake in tiny cups followed by beer in big tumblers. Presently a lacquered bowl arrives filled with soybean soup and drowned clams, a signal that the meal is coming to an end. There is a salad of ginger, Chinese cabbage, and pickled radish. Then everyone retires to another private room again for washrags and green tea.

In between eating there is the Ginza, which means "Silver Stroll." But the Ginza, which is Main Street, is tinsel as well as silver, and two minutes with its jostling crowds would convince you that no walk on it is a stroll. G.I.'s fresh out of the States and G.I.'s fresh out of Korea are on the Ginza and so is the colorful girl from Ashima Island with the box on her head filled with camellia oil. The Ginbasha is on the Ginza where you go in for drinks and girls come to sit with you, attractive girls in evening dresses for whom you buy a drink if you are alone, and pay them 1,000 yen an hour—$2.78 official—or less if they like you. There is no kickback to the house, which makes its money on the drinks.

Until recently the Ginza was also the home of the Ginzakan Mart, an open-air bazaar which has since been removed, in the esthetic public interest I suspect, to a sylvan spot along the banks of the river, a block from the Silver Stroll. Here you can buy cigarette lighters embossed with a copy of a dollar bill, motorboats powered with flashlight batteries, kimonos blazing with gold dragons, boxes



with secret openings, binoculars, and sinister knives that flick open at the touch of a button. I wouldn't say that the merchants of the Ginzaka were scholars in English, but they have picked up the finer points of the language as it is spoken by the horsetrader. They open with a price. You counter with one much lower. They clasp hand to head and say, "No get commission." You start to walk away, they tug at your sleeve, point to the article and entreat, "You say." You don't know how far he's coming down, so you counter with "*You* say" and then the *you-says* fly back and forth until you've made the purchase for fifty yen, or fourteen cents less than you might have bought it in more reputable surroundings on the Ginza itself.

The department stores are a modern maze of handsome tea sets and slender sake bottles all packed in wooden cases, of battledores decorated with three-dimensional faces of Japanese ladies and gents in ancient dress, of frail and beautiful lamp

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with rice-paper shades, of polished lacquerware, brocaded *getas*, and paper parasols guaranteed to keep out the rain. Long lines of kimonoed ladies shuffle in their sandals to get on the escalators at Matsuzakaya's, and in the aisles the crowds push and shove like those on the Ginza and also like those in Macy's, USA.

Somehow you expect it in Macy's, but Japan's crowd manners come as a shock. The rudeness of the mob is a complete anachronism when you hold it up against the strict code of manners to which individual Japanese adhere. I like to reflect with pleasure upon Tadimichi Hara, a man who stands five feet tall in his *tabi* feet, and has a fine, noble face, eroded now with lines of age. His eyelids have sagged with the years, covering his eyelashes, and it would be difficult for the unpractised observer to determine whether he is staring dead ahead or fast asleep.

Mr. Hara is our guide in Tokyo, and with typical American familiarity we have come to call him Uncle Tad, a term of which we suspect he is very proud. To answer a question Uncle Tad must first remove his hat, and should he be required to move close to you he is careful to place his hand over his mouth lest his breath, should it not be sweet, offend you. When we were taken with the sukiyaki vapors one day, he saw us to the hotel, bowed many many times, and said, "Please take very best care, please, please." Once, when describing a typical Japanese house, he said it was indeed very comfortable, "all except, excuse me, toilet."

One wonders how much Uncle Tad has been left in Japan after the occupation, or whether it shall all be the crass mob on the Ginza. Our legacy has included the strident jazz that blares out of the loudspeakers in Tokyo, and I remember well, Uncle Tad wincing, and then taking off his hat, covering his mouth and saying, "Excuse me, too much civilization." But the new class of youngsters laughs and plays and pulls pigtails when their fathers were taught to be the very model of an inscrutable Oriental. The young smiles atone in part for the Bebop Nightclub we have left in Kyoto, the Stagger-Out Bar in Yokohoma, and the Ritzy Cabaret—"Service by pin-up girls"—in Osaka.

There is, it seems, an insatiable urge here to do it American and say it in English. The Osaka railroad station, for instance, sports a beautiful illuminated glass sign which reads, "Ordinary—A Little to the West," which means the ordinary local train stops a bit west of where you are standing. A gas station urges, "Let's Get Associated." Motorists are urged to caution by the slogan, "Pray Safety Traffic." The Osaka Castle takes you up in an elevator but asks you to walk down in the "stepcase." The Cabaret Denem in Kyoto advertises its "Perfect Cool Warm Room." And there is that delightful restaurateur here in Tokyo who, after hours, hangs out a shingle which reads simply and pleasantly, "Close Time Now."

—Horace Sutton.

This is the first of a series of articles on Japan to appear in forthcoming issues.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHAT WAS THE NAME AGAIN?

Marjorie Thorn of Sadler, Texas, submits the titles of a group of "The" books and asks you to name the title characters and to identify the authors. Allowing three points for each character and two points for each author, a score of sixty is not bad, seventy is good, and eighty or better is mildly sensational. Answers on page 38.

Who was The

1. "Adversary in the House"
2. "Apostle"
3. "Financier"
4. "Hoosier Schoolmaster"
5. "Bride of Lammermoor"
6. "Woman in White"
7. "Little Minister"
8. "Deerslayer"
9. "Man of Property"
10. "Beloved Vagabond"
11. "Man Without a Country"
12. "Woman Thou Gavest Me"
13. "Last of the Plainsmen"
14. "Castaway"
15. "Prisoner of Zenda"
16. "Sky Pilot"
17. "Last Puritan"
18. "Shepherd of the Hills"
19. "Gentleman from Indiana"
20. "Good-Natured Man"

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

generalizations about such things as woman's sixth sense and can present minor characters without charity and with triteness. He can write banally and he can plot action so that it becomes less the inevitable consequence of character in action than the evitable concern of the novelist who wants his novels to sell well. Though one is compelled to call "Reputation for a Song" more entertaining than profound, Mr. Grierson undoubtedly has the talent to combine these usual incompatibles. If he learns to use his understanding and craftsmanship deeply, he may become the peer of P. H. Newby, William Sansom, and Walter Allen, young British novelists who are establishing a tradition of excellence young American novelists should intelligently envy.

Notes

HIGHLAND FLING: The truly pleasant light novel with amiable characters, who make bright conversation without confusing themselves with Noel Coward, and who have simple middle-class problems to work out, is a difficult literary form, yet Ruby Ferguson has mastered it and has come out with a nice sparkling number, **"Apricot Sky"** (Little, Brown, $3.50). In fact, it's so good in its unpretentious way that one wishes its publishers would let us see some of Miss Ferguson's earlier English-published work. The story has to do with Cleo MacAlvey and her love for her Highland neighbor, Neil Garvine, Laird of Larrich. Cleo is surrounded by an adoring and sprawling family, each one of whom has an ingratiating eccentricity and all of whom are made to appear completely charming. There are also neighbors, guests, and a plot of sorts to keep things going. Most of the time, however, we are content just to go on picnics, parties, and excursions with a group of happy innocents who are perhaps a little too good for this world, but who fit very nicely into the Scottish background Miss Ferguson has created for them.

Edward J. Fitzgerald.

HORSE-MANSHIP: The author, who signs himself with the name Antoniorrobles, has come up with a wise, witty, and completely engaging fantasy about the troubles of a centaur in this twentieth century. Auro, the centaur, was born in Spain, transported thence to Germany in the

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time of Hitler, visited Italy in the time of Mussolini, returned to Spain to witness and take part in the Spanish Civil War when Franco seized power, and finally escaped to Mexico as a refugee. Antoniorrobles, himself a refugee from Spain working in Mexico, has set down the story of Auro in **"The Refugee Centaur"** (Twayne Publishers, New York, $3). His political allegory is the center of his tale and the picture he paints of the world today is a pretty grim one.

It is leavened, however, by some of the most delightful humor that has been on the market in some time. Auro's troubles with traffic and with authority generally, with sex and with women of all kinds, are sketched in with deft charm that doesn't take away from their more serious import. The love affair with the fair Encarnita adds a touch of gentleness. To top it all, the author dares to challenge comparison by including a chapter in which Auro meets up with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It is an indication of his achievement that this doesn't seem out of place.

—E. J. F.

TOUGH GUY'S TERRITORY: It was about time that someone thought of bringing together the short stories Benjamin Appel wrote about the area he knew so well, New York's Hell's Kitchen, that strip along the West Side of Manhattan. Most of the stories in the just published collection, called, to no one's surprise, **"Hell's Kitchen"** (Lion, 25¢), were published in the middle Thirties. Despite their Depression background they are not at all dated. They deal with the incipient gangsters, the poolroom boys, and the barroom gals who live and fight in the slums of any large city. Brought together they reveal that even in these earlier years Mr. Appel leavened the hard-hitting drive of his prose and the violence of his material with considerable understanding and even tenderness. His stories have not the brilliant incandescence that Nelson Algren brings to the handling of similar material, but they are solid achievements, eminently readable. I suspect only the fact that short stories in book form do not do well has kept them out of boards. Perhaps the paper-back publishers will extend this service of bringing together the stories of other writers whose shorter works are today likely to wither with the magazines in which they first appear.

—E. J. F.

PARIS IN THE SPRING: Oriel Malet, the young British author who can celebrate the sorrows of childhood without getting maudlin about it, is at it again. Her **"Jemima"** (Little, Brown, $3) is a gently perceptive tale about an unwanted child who is shipped off to Paris when her mother's divorce scandal is about to become too malodorous. A lonely adolescent, Jemima has developed some strengths and self-reliances that are to stand her in good stead as she goes through the discovery of the hostility in the adult world and the sorrows of unrequited first love. Miss Malet is at her best when describing children. Her Jemima is thoroughly delightful and believable, and so are the other youngsters in the book, Didi and Ciella, who live at the pension where Jemima is settled.

As her characters get older Miss Malet's sureness of style slips a little. Her twenty-one year old Candace and the slightly older Frederick are rather misty around the edges. And the really older characters are almost uniformly monsters of misunderstanding or simple selfishness. It is necessary to her theme, and it does represent a child's view of the world that is fairly widespread. It isn't necessarily a true one, but it is a persuasive one so long as you stay in that child's world. Miss Malet makes that easy. —E. J. F.

Just Published

LISTED below are books published this week that we do not have room to review in this issue. In many instances more extended notice will be given in future numbers.

A BRIGHTER SUN. By Samuel Selvon. New York: The Viking Press. $3. A brilliant first novel, reproducing wartime Trinidad and its teeming, polyglot inhabitants. The burden of the story falls on Tiger, who painfully digs the meaning of life out of his environment.

ANNAPURNIA. By Maurice Herzog. Translated by Nea Morin and Janet Adam Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. Among man's higher idiosyncrasies is his appetite for mountain climbing. Annapurnia is in the Himalayas, the photos are a treat, and the text is geared to compel both would-be and complete initiates.

THE DEDICATED. By Lizele Reymond. New York: The John Day Co. $4.50. A young Irish teacher, Margaret Noble, is so stirred by Swami Vivekananda that she becomes a student at Ramarkrishna Mission in India and devotes herself to educational projects there. East India's customs, philosophy, and heritage are clearly explained in this fictionalized biography.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. By Members of the Faculties of Andover, Exeter, Lawrenceville, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. *Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University* Press. $2. A broad survey of the problems of integrating the work of the last years of school with the first years of college, together with recommendations as to how administrators may help students of varying abilities make the transition.

THE HATE MERCHANT. By Niven Busch. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50. Fictional portrait of Gaspar D. Splane, a splenetic Huey Long protege, who makes his virulent way across the United States encouraging race riots, but is finally forced to flee to South America.

I AND MY TRUE LOVE. By Helen MacInnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. Two refugees, one from a loveless marriage, the other from Czech oppression, team up in an attempt to salvage what's left of life in this popular novel.

I DRANK THE ZAMBESI. By Arthur Loveridge. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. An African safari in behalf of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology is described and illustrated down to the last fauna.

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE. By Neil Paterson. New York: Random House. $2. Jan Cernik gets his circus troupe out of Communist-throttled Czechoslovakia into Austria, but not before violence and informers have their day in this short novel.

MIND: A Social Phenomenon. By F. S. A. Doran. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3. A surgeon of philosophic bent approaches the question of what is the human mind and comes up with some provocative answers.

MONSOON QUARTER. By Marion Lowndes. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $3. Tempe Jarvis tells how she cautiously and precariously strings a paranoic along, until she can make good her escape from his island off the coast of Netherlands New Guinea. Miss Lowndes's trick of telling her adventure yarn in the first person gives it a highly convincing tone.

NEELY. By Walter Karig. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. Inattentive parents force a boy to turn inward for substitute comfort. His eventual adjustment to reality is fictionally and psychologically well dramatized.

THE RED GATE. By LaSelle Gilman. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢. A lively current event novel highlighted by a chilling escape from Red China by some Americans and friends.

●SIX WEEKS IN MARCH. By Constance Robertson. New York: Random House. $3. Family feudings and money grubbing on an upstate New York farm of about ninety years ago in a novel peppered with dramatic moments.

STRANGE LOVERS. By Armando Meoni. Translated by Elisabeth Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. A life of unintentioned sin is decked out in slick, purple-passioned plotting. The Italian school which specializes in whores-with-golden-hearts continues to turn them out to meet the steady demand.

TIDES OF TIME. By Emile Danoen. Translated by Mary Glasgow. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢. A rich, full-bodied family novel centering on Adele Vittel's life over a half century in Le Havre, France, and the fortunes of her illegitimate offspring.

TO THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. By Pamela Frankau. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Romance and marital doings in the journalistic and artistic set on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF INSECTS. By Albro Gaul. New York: Rinehart & Co. $4. A zoological, biological, and sociological study of insects, geared textually and pictorially for the interested layman.

THE WORLD OF LI'L ABNER. By Al Capp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. Some of the choicest doings of the fabulous Dogpatch crowd incorporated in ten chapters beginning with "Sadie Hawkins' Day" (an unofficial national holiday) and ending with Li'l Abner's penultimate capitulation to beauteous Daisy Mae.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(Continued from page 12)

Claudel is a manifestation of the critical spirit. The Frenchman listening to it prefers not to take sides, not to sacrifice one for the other.

Claudel, the man of severe faith, is opposed to Gide, the man of restlessness and voluptuously-felt inquiry. On the one hand, we read an expression of exultant joy, of a peace declared to all men. And, on the other hand, we read the narrative of an endless search for happiness, sought in all forms of pleasure. The correspondence reveals, what was already known in its general lines, the tremendous dialectical effort Claudel made, between 1900 and 1926, to convert Gide to Catholicism. Whereas the letters of Claudel show his complete thought on subjects discussed, those of Gide have to be read in conjunction with the entries in his "Journal" written at the same time, in order to follow his mind accepting and rejecting almost simultaneously. Claudel is a vociferous catechizer, but his correspondent is reticent and cautious. This dialogue, which ended in 1926, is one of the most vehement and engrossing in the history of French literature. Although not many years have passed since it ended, it can be read now publicly as the most recent example in France of Pascalian apologetics to which the contemporary Montaigne said a seemingly definitive "no."

Gide often gives the impression in his letters of playing hide-and-go-seek with Claudel. And yet his attitude cannot with justice be called hypocritical. If he could write as boldly and frankly as a Montaigne, he was quite timid in speech. The physical presence of Claudel inhibited him. After their meetings together, Gide would write in his "Journal" the arguments he had not been able to articulate. (Robert Mallet, the editor of the letters, has provided these important additions from the "Journal." And the translator, John Russell, has rigorously preserved, in the English and American editions, this documentation.)

The Catholicism of Paul Claudel is impressive and majestic. He is a poet speaking with the force of lyricism. He communicates his exultation. The answers of Gide have their own formal beauty, their own careful refinement and reticence. Even after Gide confesses the secret of his life, Claudel continues to exhort and preach. Whenever Claudel speaks from the viewpoint of dogma, there is almost no reaction from Gide. By nature, Gide could not be touched by the scholastic concepts which form most of the intellectual argumentation of Claudel. Claudel's temperament led him to describe the modern world as

"LORD ACTON ... was ... the most learned man of his age, yet the full extent of his scholarship has only become apparent by slow degrees," writes the London *Times Literary Supplement*. These two publications do justice at last to a mind that was chiefly concerned with what has become the paramount issue of our age: the conflict between authority and conscience.

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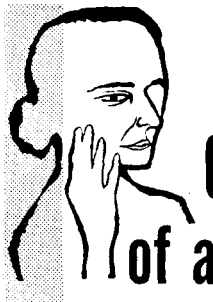
Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MEN OF THE UNDERWORLD *Charles Hamilton, editor* (Macmillan: $4.50)	American crookdom from Henry Tufts (b. 1748) to right now, told in words of principals; forty-two in lineup.	Self-histories largely ghosted; authors uniformly repentant, but some have exciting yarns.	Specialty
THE KINDEST USE OF A KNIFE *Louisa Revell* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Virginia horsey set stampeded as killer slashes twice; Miss Julia Tyler, sixty-eight, tells all about it.	Pleasantly chatty, with nice dashes of humor; sophisticated performance.	Leisurely but good
THE BAT THAT FLITS *Norman Collins* (DSP-LB: $2.75)	Queer things happen in British microbe lab; youthful scientist writes it all down.	First thriller by "regular" novelist; nice compound of chills and laughs.	Good
THE DEEP END *Fredric Brown* (Dutton: $2.50)	Newshawk Sam Evans, looking into accident, smells murder; trails scent into big trouble.	Psycho slant spotty at times; too much bedding; pace good despite all.	Holds interest
45 MURDERERS *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $3)	True crime yarns, all over U.S., transplanted from syndicate files.	Lively, fresh crop; some suffer from compression.	Good, save as noted

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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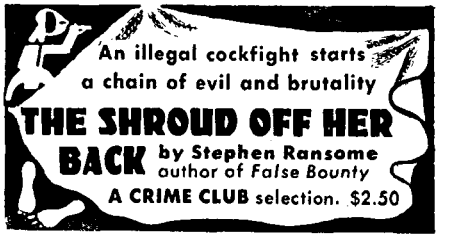
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if he were a medieval man enlightened by scholastic ontology. Gide's temperament was fundamentally suspicious of any such massive construction of the mind. Much of Gide's work, written after his debate with Claudel, was to represent a secularization of the Gospels.

The Broader Culture

FAITH FOR MODERN ARTISTS: One of the common explanations for the alleged sterility of modern art is that today the artist has no common faith or mythology, and so has fallen back to the private world within himself. Instead of communicating to others he mutters to himself: that, at least, is the accusation. If that is so, what is the cure? Last year at the University of Pennsylvania a symposium entitled "The Arts in Renewal" attempted an answer through several speakers, but their disparate abilities and attitudes, and a certain shrillness of tone, made their lectures (as published) ineffective. Now Howard Mumford Jones in **"The Bright Medusa"** (University of Illinois Press, $2.50) deals with the same problem in three essays.

In their pursuit of art, the writers of the 1920's—who are his main concern—rebelled against all conformities and embraced instead themselves. Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" demonstrates this in the artist, the poet, and the radical. To what should the writers of today pay spiritual allegiance? Not, presumably, to the rigid certitudes of the past (as Eliot has done). Mr. Jones recommends that they go forward to a "republican culture" of a more spacious humanism; but he wisely does not prescribe any rigid course, doctrine, or dogma.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Eugene V. Debs (Irving Stone). 2. St. Paul (Sholem Asch). 3. Frank Cowperwood (Theodore Dreiser). 4. Ralph Hartsook (Edward Eggleston). 5. Lucy Ashton (Sir Walter Scott). 6. Anne Catherick (Wilkie Collins). 7. Gavin Dishart (James M. Barrie). 8. Natty Bumppo (James Fenimore Cooper). 9. Soames Forsyte (John Galsworthy). 10. Barzélius Nibbidard Paragot (William J. Locke). 11. Philip Nolan (Edward Everett Hale). 12. Mary O'Neill (Hall Caine). 13. Buffalo Jones (Zane Grey). 14. Lord Byron (Hallie Erminie Rives). 15. King Rudolf V of Ruritania (Anthony Hope). 16. Arthur Wellington Moore (Ralph Connor). 17. Oliver Alden (George Santayana). 18. Old Matt (Harold Bell Wright). 19. John Harkless (Booth Tarkington). 20. Honeywood (Oliver Goldsmith).

AMERICA'S PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from page 24)

but a falling-out with the president of the university put an end to it after two years. Dewey resigned in 1904 and accepted a professorship at Columbia University, where he remained the rest of his academic life. The migration eastward was a good thing for John Dewey. Ideas were sprouting up through the bricks at Columbia in those days, and Dewey's mind was happy there. Also, he found it easier, living in New York, to be a factor in the nation's political life, as is appropriate to a philosopher who believes that the truth of an idea lies in its practical effect. And by taking a fourth-floor apartment at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street he managed to surround himself with enough noise so that he could get some thinking done.

Later, he moved out to Long Island and preserved his contact with reality by raising eggs and vegetables and selling them to the neighbors. He enjoyed telling how one day a hurry call came from a wealthy neighbor for a dozen eggs, and the children being in school, he himself took the eggs over in a basket. Going by force of habit to the front door, he was told brusquely that deliveries were made at the rear. He trotted obediently around back, amused and happy. Later he was giving a talk to the women's club of the neighborhood, and his wealthy customer, when he got up to speak, exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Why, he looks exactly like our egg man!"

Dewey's long life was a spectacle of unwavering devotion to his principles. This was dramatically illustrated when, as he was approaching his eightieth year, he stood against the Communists in an act of moral courage not easy to match in the history of philosophy.

Stalin, in the notorious Moscow trials of 1936-38, had extorted confessions from the leading old Bolsheviks that they had plotted with Trotsky to overthrow the Soviet government. Under cover of these "show trials," Stalin shot thousands of his old comrades in arms and made fast his dictatorship. Dewey headed a Commission of Inquiry which went to Mexico, where Trotsky lived, and held prolonged hearings on the question of the plots and Trotsky's guilt. The inquiry was in effect a trial—a trial of Stalin and a determination of the real meaning of his regime. Its decision that the Moscow trials were a fake, that Stalin was a treacherous tyrant, would, had it been heeded, have saved the free world from a decade of almost fatal blunders.

Communists, of course, described Dewey as "senile." The *New Masses* regretted that a great philosopher had made a fool of himself in the sunset of his life—a remark on which Dewey's comment was: "Twilight is the usual expression."

The charge of senility looked a little foolish when he published almost simultaneously with the 800-page report of the Dewey Commission, what may appear in history as his major work, "Logic, The Theory of Inquiry," a book of 546 pages.

Dewey was never senile. There was never a quaver in his voice, or a quiver in his handwriting. He married a second time at eighty-six. A footnote to the last letter I received from him reads: "We have two children, a boy of five and one-half and a girl of eight, brother and sister, war refugees. As we've only been married a little over a year we think we've done pretty well." At a banquet tendered him on his ninetieth birthday he made the most vital and vigorous speech of all those present. He was still clear-headed, still thinking and writing—with children still romping around him—when he was stricken with pneumonia and died on June 1, 1952, in his ninety-third year.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 500

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 500 will be found in the next issue.

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NRC GALFAG RC DBY CB

QEKN YB MRPA LC YB

MRCYAD.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 499

Beauty masked, like the sun in eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shined out.

—W. WYCHERLEY.

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A PRAYER FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT

(*Continued from page 8*)

Mr. Taft may give us another lesson in *Realpolitik* by ignoring them so long as they are merely unseemly but using them as soon as they can do damage. Nevertheless, our new President can impose his own will—and can lift the rest of us to a level of policy which will make America more than ever renowned—if he plays his strong hand strongly.

Since Franklin Roosevelt's victories in 1932 and 1936, no President has received such popular support as Eisenhower. The people chose him (among many reasons) because they believed he was both wise and good-tempered. They will follow him so long as he displays those qualities.

Mr. Roosevelt ran into difficulties in 1937 with his Court-packing bill, and again in 1938 with his ill-conceived "purge." Thereafter, until Pearl Harbor, he had much trouble with Congress. But he had little trouble during his first term, with the might of an enthusiastic people behind him, although he dealt with Senators who make our present wrecking-crew seem warmhearted. He had Bilbo on his hands, and Huey Long. He had "Cotton Ed" Smith, beside whom the Republican dinosaurs are a streamlined vision of the future. He had the ancient, angry McKellar of Tennessee, raging against the TVA which was rehabilitating his own state. And he had the remarkable Senator Nye, the most embittered and puny-minded isolationist in all our history.

A great President governs by influence far more than by his written powers. If he can assert that influence, give the necessary leadership, explain the issues frankly and lucidly, not only will the people back him, but the Congressional majority (which consists of good men from both parties) will back him also. The bad men in both parties become harmful only when the people are confused, and thus frustrated, and thus willing to heed mere noise. This is the repeated lesson of politics in our federal empire, which is larger than Europe, and wherein the President alone represents all the people, all the regions, all the climates, all the economic and social interests.

And this is a lesson of cheer for President Eisenhower. We want him to assuage our local passions and to keep us concentrated on the solemn dangers and the exalted hopes of our time. If he will help us, we shall abundantly help him. The McCarthys in their dim sub-world will be quiet so long as the "great confident majority, the generous and the unfrightened" knows what is happening, and why, and therefore stands together in good times and bad.

"Leadership" has become almost an ugly word, because of Fascist associations. Yet free men crave true leadership, which is enlightenment and exhortation, which has much in common with adult education, nothing in common with a Nazi bully raging at a mob.

The last Administration (to which we nevertheless owe much) failed to keep us sufficiently enlightened, sufficiently exhorted to demand the best. We might almost complain that we were prepared to be better then we were asked to be. Our rulers babied us at times for fear we should refuse the stern truth. But we were not babies.

Milton's St. Peter tells what happens to decent people who are denied the truth:

> The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
> But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
> Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Granted, we are a long way from rotting inwardly. But we could name some of our misinstructed fellow citizens who indeed seem "swollen with wind" and with rank mist, and some of our demagogue-wolves whose "privy paw" is not often used to advance the free world's interest. All this, which is the fruit of faulty leadership, our new President can change. We beg him to do so.

He will find that he has an even greater authority than Franklin Roosevelt in his first term. He will find that the puppies in his own party will not begin to bark until he has done something to alienate that authority—by discouraging or confusing the people. He will find that on the great issues of national survival the Southern Democrats will give him stronger support than the Taft Republicans. And he will find that the eloquent and much-loved leader of the Opposition—with whom the new President does not dis-

The Cripple

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

COVER your eyes with your hands.
By the woodland pool
Is a sight too fearful for eyes to see.
A deep-eyed doe comes down the bank to drink.
Not on four lovely legs, but only three;
Her fawns come after her more timorous
Because such a cruel mockery can be.

Shaped on the airy anvil of the winds,
Edged to an innocent and flowing dagger,
This cousin to swallows and a running song
Must go on sorrow and a weary stagger;
Forever a dread will deepen her dark eyes,
The slowest hounds of fear forever tag her.

Wide aspen trees will clap green hands for wrath,
Slim balsams curse indifference of the skies,
Small finches beat the golden drums of their wings,
Tall herons stare with sadness for their eyes;
In every slim wild heart some spire of flame
Of ancient faith, each time she passes, dies.

Pity the broken poem printed in turf
Under the halting hooves of this hurt doe,
Call for tears from the iron eyes of oaks,
So fleet a thing so slowly now should go!
Cry woe out to the thinnest edge of time,
And to the starry end of the world cry woe!

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agree on any major question—will be a glad ally in the task of unifying and informing the country.

Within his own camp, however, Mr. Eisenhower must conquer the ambition-ruined men, who became haters during the years when they were ignored. They can only be kept harmless so long as the President maintains a vast popularity and uses it to lift us toward better things. These dissidents cannot be sent home, as the Supreme Commander used to send home officers who were too stupid to understand that he meant what he said. They must be overawed, in the press as well as in the Congress. They are the rats who will never desert the ship, because if trouble comes they count on eating the officers and taking charge. They preach calamity because they thrive on evil times.

Such men today are picturing America as half-defeated by the troubles of our dangerous world, and half-bankrupted by her efforts to outface these troubles. They do worse —as Governor Stevenson said in one of his speeches: they explain away the great surge forward of our economy since 1945 by saying it was all based on war and rearmament. And they add that the whole growth of social justice during the past twenty years is also based on war.

AS WE know, this is the tale which Communists tell, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, to assuage their unhappiness over American prosperity and success. It is an odd tale for Republicans. The men who repeat it are not worthy of the protection of Eisenhower's name. We are confident he will not listen to them; but we warn him that if he treats them as "teammates" they will drag him down. A great President is a lonely man; he has no friends but the people.

Finally, Eisenhower has done marvels in the service of NATO and toward the unification of Western Europe. He has told us (and he has proved to us, through the appointment of Senator Lodge) that he is a true friend of the United Nations. We believe that the world struggle, in which he now assumes the leading part, will impel him toward an ever-closer political and economic union among free peoples. This evolution is demanded by fate itself; yet it might be delayed by small-minded men until it came too late for our survival.

We should therefore give thanks that our new President is not small-minded, that he could say in a speech to the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences: "The freedom-loving peoples of the world have now embarked on a great collective effort to preserve those things which make life worth living. . . . We do not know what the precise solutions are, but we do know that we cannot succeed unless we are united."

And we should pray that heaven gives Mr. Eisenhower the greatest blessing of all: the brooding sense of charity which characterized the first Republican President. This charity, this awareness that no issue between erring men can ever be a simple matter of black and white, made possible the infinite patience of Lincoln and thus his subtle and delicate political touch. Without these qualities he would have lost the border states, or lost his hold on confused Northern opinion, and thus lost the war. Without similar qualities President Eisenhower may lose the peace for which America strives today. For if we grow vainglorious, or become filled with hate, we shall lack the moral authority to make or keep a peace.

We should also pray that our President agrees with Reinhold Niebuhr that "there is, in short, even in a conflict with a foe with whom we have little in common, the possibility and necessity of living in a dimension of meaning in which the urgencies of the struggle are subordinated to a sense of awe before the vastness of the historical drama in which we are jointly involved; to a sense of modesty about the virtue, wisdom, and power available to us for the resolution of its perplexities; to a sense of contrition about the common human frailties and foibles which lie at the foundation both of the enemy's demonry and our vanities; and to a sense of gratitude for the divine mercies which are promised to those who humble themselves."

"Strangely enough," adds Mr. Niebuhr, "none of the insights derived from this faith are finally contradictory to our purpose and duty of preserving our civilization. They are, in fact, prerequisites for saving it." We can recall certain Senators who might disagree with this statement. But we can believe that Dwight Eisenhower will not disagree.

Therefore, all of us—those who voted for him and those who voted for Adlai Stevenson—salute Mr. Eisenhower with high expectation. And we shall support him wholeheartedly while he uses his magic gifts of friendliness and persuasion to help us to become more charitable at home, more chivalrous abroad, more fearless but at the same time more modest in dealing with those who challenge our right to exist.

These qualities are natural to our new President. If he can spread them across the land, in a contagion of goodness, he will make us unconquerably strong.

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MUSIC MAJOR, male, 21, desires tutoring or European travel position next summer. Speaks German, French fluently. Box N-285.

MOST UNUSUAL AND AGREEABLE set-up near Asheville for one who needs a change of environment due to nerve tension. We like Books, Nature, Bridge and Roquefort Cheese. CHERRY LANE FARM, Fletcher, North Carolina.

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WANTED: Used Encyclopedia Britannica. State edition, year, condition, binding, price. Box N-288.

SURGEON in long residency, needs a few extra dollars. Would like to proofread articles with medical slant, or summarize literature from medical library for you. Box N-289.

COMPANION. Employer warmly recommends mature, cultured woman. Reply to Box N-290.

2,000 BOOKS READ, some writing, 10 years varied business experience. Polio forcing me to make living from home. Someone who reads this needs me. I hope! William Elliott, 822 East 219 St., NYC 67.

LITERATE YOUNG ATTORNEY desires position in publishing or editorial fields. Box N-292.

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CAPABLE, attractive young woman (30), ex-WAVE personnel officer, experienced international conference specialist with proven administrative ability, desires entree into organization with room at top. Fluent French and Spanish, candidate for Ph.D. in English. Box N-300.

PERSONALS

MAN, 26, Newspaper and Advertising Agency experience, wants position and apartment in NYC. Box N-281.

WANTED: Widow, fiftyish, housemother, 3 teen-age girls. No housework. Pleasant country living. Small salary. Plenty free time. Must drive. Box 186, Far Hills, New Jersey.

YOUNG LADY OR GENTLEMAN WANTED for Book Department of established store in Manhattan. Preferably not over 35 years of age and with bookstore sales experience. State full particulars and salary. Plenty free time. Must drive. Box 186, Far

WRITER, unestablished, children's field, seeks collaboration unfamous illustrator, equal basis. Box N-199.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Reject or mark as spurious.	20 128 182 63 37 67 103 79
B. Compassion.	17 86 183 193
C. Where the words of Merlin are said to be still heard by the imaginative.	42 152 121 6 74 85 13 47 162
D. What John Dryden advised his friend to hunt for, "in fields."	146 90 100 195 117 92
E. First wind instrument mentioned in the Bible, thought to be a syrinx.	60 106 27 190
F. Epitomize.	61 80 36 184 43 194
G. One who wears Scottish regimentals.	45 139 83 55 50 149
H. One of the two states which have no motto, though one was adopted 1866-8.	59 126 177 143
I. Disjunctive correlative.	16 135 87 89 84 154
J. Poet laureate of Vermont who served as asso. justice, supreme court of District of Columbia, 1904-31.	62 19 96 12 108 118 171 174
K. Mysterious, invisible force, in Norwegian folklore, in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" (2 wds.).	21 129 35 82 156 102 122
L. Eighteenth-century French chemist, founder of the modern science, deviser of its nomenclature.	68 98 94 48 5 192 173 31 188
M. Exhibiting liveliness.	56 33 168 141 99 4 130 157 49 3 185 88
N. Pertaining to surgery on the shape of the nose.	57 172 40 28 134 158 101 115 18 1 163 64
O. Describing a post-prandial drink (comp.).	189 109 147 9 78 186 104 148 54 166 123
P. With Word Q, the chap who ran around the rugged rock.	38 44 77 145 132 15
Q. See Word P.	34 159 10 58 73 167
R. Ejection.	11 116 30 7 46 136
S. Subject of kymatological study.	137 39 66 107 165
T. Rash.	65 23 125 160 191 29 110 105 140
U. With Word Y, pseudonym of Edna St. Vincent Millay for early short stories.	14 51 114 111 127
V. Furnished treads for vehicle wheels.	26 53 138 95 75
W. Architect of Columbia Library, N.Y., Phelps Hall at Yale, etc. (1841-1917).	2 76 69 181 176 151
X. In medieval belief, the spirit of either earth, air, fire or water.	22 179 161 133 175 41 155 93 52
Y. See Word U.	119 170 91 72
Z. In football, center, guard, tackle, or end.	32 180 169 153 164 81 25
Z¹. Egyptian representation of the asp on a headdress, denoting sovereignty.	8 142 124 71 144 178
Z². Abridge.	24 97 120 112 113 131 150 70 187

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 N	2 W	3 M		4 M	5 L	6 C	7 R	8 Z¹	9 O	10 Q								
11 R	12 J		13 C	14 U	15 P	16 I	17 B	18 N	19 J	20 A	21 K	22 X	23 T	24 Z²	25 Z	26 V								
	27 E	28 N	29 T		30 R	31 L	32 Z	33 M	—	34 Q	35 K	36 F	37 A	38 P	39 S	40 N								
41 X	42 C		43 F	44 P	45 G	46 R		47 C	48 L	49 M	50 G	51 U	52 X		53 V	54 O								
55 G	56 M	57 N	58 Q	59 H	60 E	61 F	62 J	63 A		64 N	65 T	66 S	67 A	68 L	69 W	70 Z²								
71 Z¹	72 Y		73 Q	74 C	75 V		76 W	77 P	78 O	79 A	80 F	81 Z	82 K	83 G	84 I									
85 C	86 B	87 I		88 M	89 I	90 D	91 Y		92 D	93 X	94 L	95 V		96 J		97 Z²								
98 L	99 M	100 D	101 N	102 K	103 A	104 O	105 T	106 E		107 S	108 J	109 O	110 T	111 U	112 Z²									
113 Z²	114 U		115 N	116 R	117 D	118 J	119 Y	120 Z²	121 C	122 K	123 O	124 Z¹	125 T	126 H	127 U									
128 A	129 K	130 M		131 Z²	132 P	133 X	134 N	135 I	136 R	—	137 S	138 V	139 G	140 T	141 M	142 Z¹								
	143 H	144 Z¹	145 P	146 D	147 O		148 O	149 G	150 Z²	151 W	152 C	153 Z	154 I		155 X	156 K								
	157 M	158 N	159 Q	160 T	161 X		162 C	163 N	164 Z	165 S	166 O	167 Q	168 M		169 Z	170 Y								
171 J		172 N	173 L	174 J	175 X		176 W	177 H	178 Z¹		179 X	180 Z	181 W	182 A	183 B									
184 F	185 M	186 O	187 Z²	188 L		189 O		190 E	191 T	192 L	193 B	194 F	195 D											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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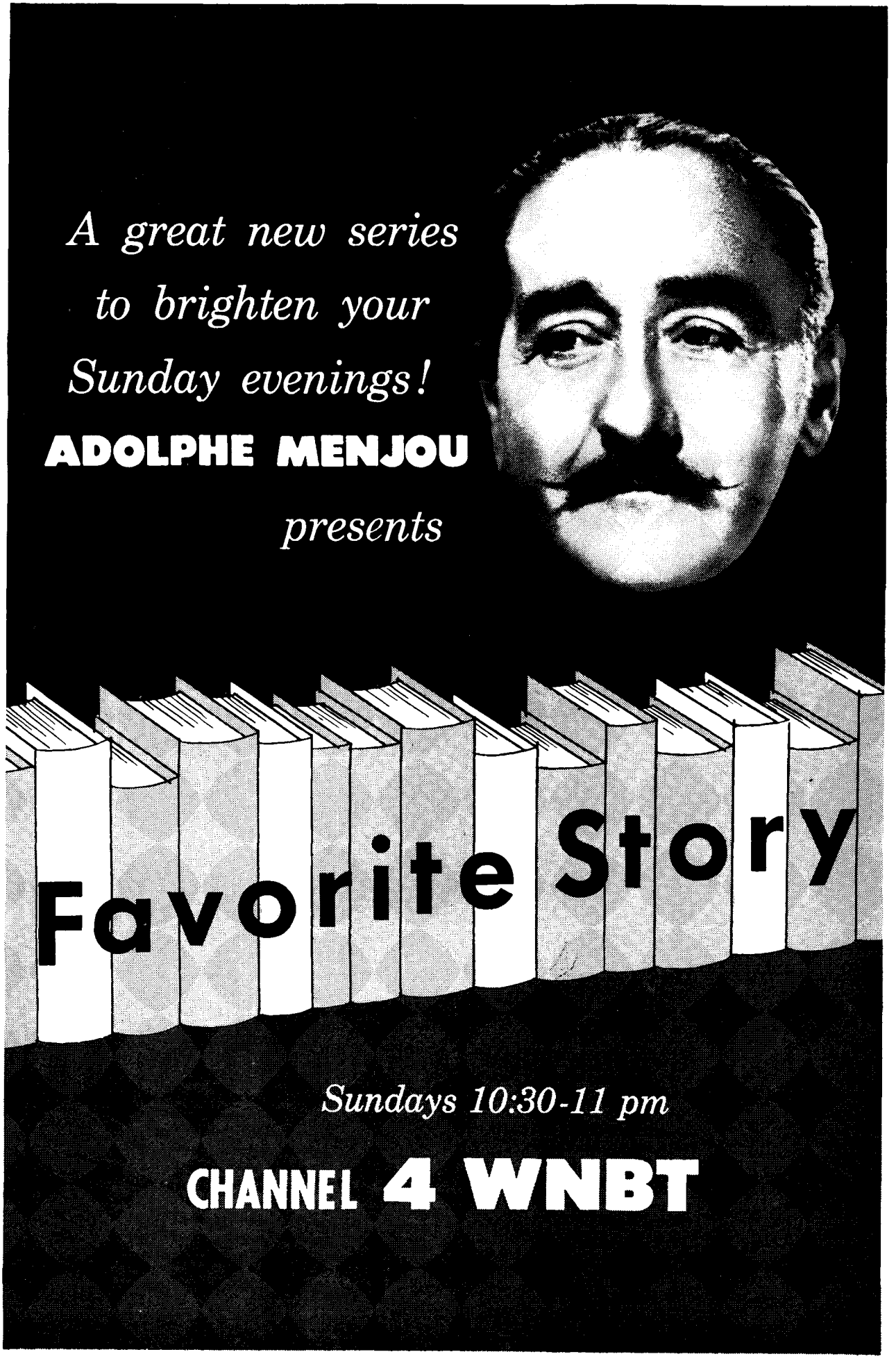

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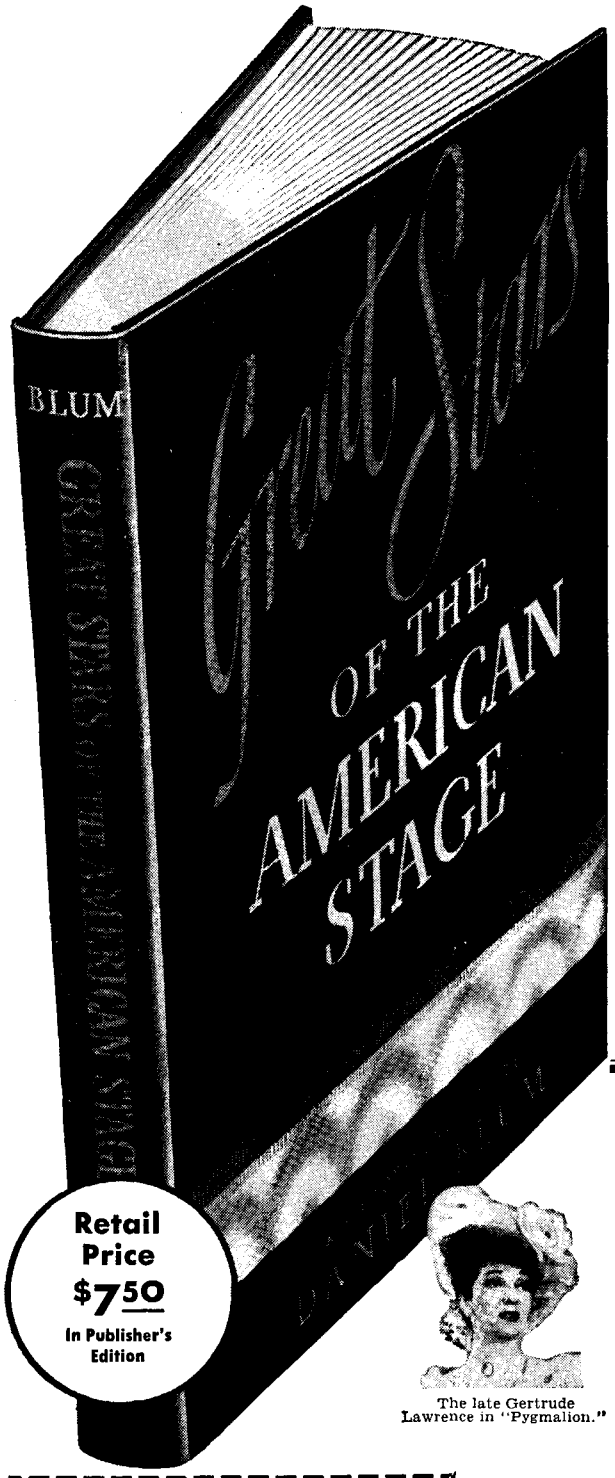

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